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## THE EDUCATION OF AFTER LIFE.

(An Address delivered on the occasion of the new session of University College, Bristol, October 27, 1877.)<sup>1</sup>

It is said that the late King of Prussia, on seeing Eton College, exclaimed, "Happy is that country where the old is ever entwined with the new, where the new is ever old, and the old is ever new." That is most true; but if he had come to Bristol at this time, he might have even improved on his remark, and said, "Happy is that country where the old is ever giving birth to the new, where the new is ever springing from the old." For in the Cathedral he would have seen the Abbey Church of Robert Fitzharding, the fine old descendant of the wild sea-kings, awakening into a new life, and stretching forth a gigantic arm which had seemed to be paralyzed to its very socket. And he would have seen the new start of a young institution of teachers sent into this commercial city, in large measure by the energies of two ancient colleges, which a hundred years ago would have been thought the most retrograde and

the most exclusive of all our academical communities. I have spoken of the Cathedral of Bristol in the proper place. Let me now say a few words on its new College.

I will not go back to the question of the utility of such institutions themselves. This was sufficiently set forth some years ago by my excellent friend, the Master of Balliol, who has done so much for Oxford and for Bristol, and by those many other distinguished persons who then addressed you. The college has been begun, and it is not of the college, but of its work that I have to speak. And, in so doing, it has been suggested to me that it might be useful to make a few general remarks on a commonplace subject—the *Education of After Life*. It is closely connected with the special functions of this institution, and it has this further advantage, that its consideration may not be altogether without profit to the more miscellaneous public.

In what sense can education be said to be carried on at all in an institution so rudimentary, so slightly equipped as this? You have no buildings, you have no antiquity, you have no traditions, you have no discipline, you have none of those things which in our older institutions are almost the atmosphere in which education lives, and moves, and

<sup>1</sup> University College, Bristol, was founded in 1876, "to supply for persons of both sexes above the ordinary school age the means of continuing their studies in science, languages, history, and literature; and more particularly to afford appropriate instruction in those branches of applied science which are employed in the arts and manufactures." The funds of the College are chiefly derived from local contributions; but the College receives subsidies from Balliol College and New College, Oxford, and from the Worshipful the Clothworkers' Company of London.

has its being. You have them not ; and we do not for a moment underrate the loss. But there are here, at any rate, two materials of education, which may continue throughout life, and which are, perhaps, after all, the only two indispensable elements—the teachers and the taught.

1. The teachers—let me say something of them. When at Oxford, in my younger days, there were discussions about the reforms of the university ; there was one want which we regarded as supremely felt, and this was the want of professors, that is to say, of teachers, who might be “as oracles, whereat students might come” in their several branches of knowledge. These were in consequence called into existence, and amongst you also they exist already. I am not now speaking personally of the actual professors, though doubtless your practical experience of them would bear out much of what I say. But I speak of the advantage to any community, to any young man or woman, of being brought into contact with higher intelligences. No operation in the way of external impulse, or stimulus, or instruction, in our passage through this mortal existence, is equal to the impression produced upon us by the contact of intellects and characters superior to ourselves. It is for this reason that a college like yours must always have the chance of contributing, directly and forcibly, to the elevation of those among whom it is placed. A body of men, brought together by the enthusiasm of teaching others, with a full appreciation of great subjects, with an ardent desire of improving not only others but themselves, cannot fail to strike some fire from some one soul or other of those who have the opportunity of thus making their acquaintance. It need not be that we follow their opinions ; the opinions may vanish, but the effect remains. Socrates left no school behind him ; the philosophers who followed him were broken into a thousand sections, but the influence and stimulus which

Socrates left, never ceased, and has continued till the present hour. If we look for a moment at the records, on the one hand, of aspirations encouraged, of great projects realised ; or, on the other hand, of lost careers, of broken hopes, how often shall we find that it has been from the presence or from the want of some beneficent, intelligent, appreciative mind coming in among the desponding, the distressed, the storm-tossed souls of whom this world contains only too many. To take the example of two poets—one whose grave is in the adjacent county, one belonging to your own city—how striking and how comforting is the reflection of the peaceful, useful, and happy close of the life of George Crabbe, the poet ; for eighteen years pastor of Trowbridge. All that happiness, all that usefulness, he owed to the single fact, that, when a poor, forsaken boy in the streets of London, he bethought himself of addressing a letter to Edmund Burke. That great man had the penetration to see that Crabbe was not an impostor—not a fool. He took the poor youth by the hand, he encouraged him, he procured for him the career in which he lived and died. He was, it is hardly too much to say, the instrument of his preservation and of his regeneration. On the other hand, when, with Wordsworth, we think of Chatterton, “the marvellous boy, the sleepless soul that perished in his pride,” how impossible it is to avoid the reflection, that if he had met with some congenial sphere, such as this college now presents, some kindly hand to lead him forward, some wise direction (over and above the kindness which he met from personal friends) that might have rescued him from his own desperate thoughts, we should have been spared the spectacle of the premature death of one whose fate will always rank amongst the tragical incidents of the history not only of Bristol but of England.

It is too much to expect that there may be a Burke amongst your profes-

sors, or a Chatterton amongst your pupils. But the hopeful and the melancholy lesson are both worth remembering.

2. And now, leaving the body of teachers, these two instances remind me to turn to the body of students. I can but plunge in the dark to give any advice, but this much is surely applicable to all of them. I will do my best, and perhaps here and there a word may be useful.

Bear in mind both the advantages and the disadvantages which the voluntary education of students in after life involves by the mere fact of the freedom of choice—freedom in studies, freedom in subjects, freedom of opinions. A self-educated man is, in some respects, the better, in some respects the worse, for not having been trained in his early years by regular routine. We have an illustration of both the stronger and the weaker side of self-education in the case of Mr. Buckle, the author of the *History of Civilization*. At the time of his greatest celebrity, it was often remarked that no man who had been at regular schools or universities could, on the one hand, have acquired such an enormous amount of multifarious knowledge, and such a grasp of so many details; while, on the other hand, no one but a self-educated man, feeding his mind here and there, without contradiction, without submission, without the usual traditions of common instruction, could have fallen into so many paradoxes, so many negligences, so many ignorances. It is enough to state this fact, in order to put you on your guard against the dangers of your position, and also to make you feel its hopes and opportunities. Over the wide field of science and knowledge it is yours to wander. The facts which you acquire will probably take a deeper hold on your minds from having been sought out by yourselves; but not the less should you remember that there are qualifying and controlling influences derived from the more regular courses

of study which are of lasting benefit, and the absence of which you must take into account in judging of the more desultory and the more independent researches which you have to make. A deaf person may acquire, and often has acquired, a treasure of knowledge and a vigour of will by the exclusion of all that wear and tear, of all that friction of outer things, which fill the atmosphere of those who have the possession of all their senses. But nevertheless a deaf person, in order not to be misled into extravagant estimates of his own judgment, or of the value of his own pursuits, should always be reminded that he has not the same means of correcting and guarding his conclusions and opinions as he would have if he were open to the insensible influence of "the fibres of conversation," as they have been well called, which float about in the general atmosphere, that for him has no existence. Self-education is open both to the advantages and disadvantages of deafness; knowledge is at some entrances quite shut out, whilst such knowledge as gets in occupies the mind more completely, but always needs to be reminded that there is a surrounding vacuum. With this general encouragement, and this general warning, let us proceed.

3. There are in connection with this institution, two chief departments of human knowledge open to those who educate themselves—Science and Literature. Of Science, which provides for the larger part of your instruction, I can unfortunately say but little, for the simple reason that, from my own ignorance, I have nothing to contribute on the subject. Still, I cannot be insensible to the immense enjoyment which every branch of it must furnish to those with whom it enters, not merely into the pleasures, but into the actual work, of their daily life. It is hard, for example, to overstate the advantage which it must be to those who are immersed in the business and the commerce of a great town like this, that, amidst the fluctuations of specu-

lation, and the interminable discussions of labour and capital, they should have fixed in their minds the solid principles of political economy. It was with a thrill of delight, quite apart from agreement or disagreement, that I read not long ago of one of our chief public men in Parliament taking his stand aloof from his party, and in despite of his own interests, in defence of the dry and arid science of political economy, which he thought was unduly depreciated amongst large classes of our countrymen. Dry and arid it may be, but I cannot doubt that it is, as it were, the backbone of much of our social system, and it gives a backbone to all into whose minds it has thoroughly entered.

Then in geology, astronomy, chemistry, and the natural sciences generally, what a large field is open before you for your pleasure and profit! When Wordsworth said in his fine ode that there had passed away "a glory and a freshness" from the earth, he little thought that there was another freshness and glory coming back, in the deeper insight which science would give into the wonders and the grandeur of nature. I have heard people say who had travelled with Sir Charles Lyell, that to see him hanging out of the window of a railway carriage, to watch the geological formations as he passed through a railway cutting, was as if he saw the sides hung with beautiful pictures.

4. Then, when we come to literature, what a world of ideas is opened by a public library, or even a private library—by such libraries, great or small, as have, by individual or corporate munificence, been opened in every quarter of Bristol. What a feast there is in a single good book!

We sometimes hardly appreciate sufficiently the influence which literature exercises over large phases of the world. By literature I mean those great works of history, poetry, fiction, or philosophy that rise above professional or commonplace uses, and take possession of the mind of a whole

nation, or a whole age. It was pointed out to me the other day how vast an effect had been wrought by the famous Persian poet Ferdusi, in welding together into one people the discordant races of the Mussulman conquerors and the indigenous Persians, by his great poem on Persian history, which he, belonging to the Mussulman conquerors, wove out of the legendary lore of the conquered race. But, indeed, it is not necessary to go to Persia for an example. How vast an influence for good has been exercised on this century by the novels of Sir Walter Scott. It is not only that by superseding the coarser, though often vigorous, fictions of the last century they purified the whole current of English literature—it is not only that they awakened an interest in the past, and also gave a just view of the present and the future, beyond almost any writings of our time, but that they bound together, in an indissoluble bond, the two nations, Scotland and England, which before that time had been almost as far asunder as if one of them had been on the other side of the Channel, instead of on the other side of the Tweed. Often it has been said, and truly, that no greater boon could be conferred on Ireland than that a genius as wide-spreading, as deeply penetrating, and as calmly judging, as Sir Walter Scott, could be raised up to give a like interest to the scenery, the history, the traditions, and the characters of Ireland.

I have given these two examples of the national influence of literature, because they show, on a great scale, what can be effected by the finest thoughts put into the finest words. To be conversant with them is an education of after life which never ceases. We read such books again and again, and there is always something new in them. Spend, if possible, one hour each day in reading some good and great book. The number of such books is not too many to overwhelm you. Every one who reflects on the former years of his education, can lay

his finger on half a dozen, perhaps even fewer, which have made a lasting impress upon his mind. Treasure up these. It is not only the benefits which you yourself derive from them—it is the impression which they leave upon you of the lasting power of that which is spiritual and immaterial. How many in all classes of life may say of their own experience that which was said in speaking of his library, by one of your most illustrious townsmen, who was my own earliest literary delight, Robert Southey:—

"My days among the dead are past ;  
Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
The mighty minds of old :  
My never-failing friends are they,  
With whom I converse day by day.

"With them I take delight in weal  
And seek relief in woe ;  
And while I understand and feel  
How much to them I owe,  
My cheeks have often been bedew'd  
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

"My thoughts are with the dead ; with them  
I live in long-past years,  
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,  
Partake their hopes and fears,  
And from their lessons seek and find  
Instruction with an humble mind."

And even perhaps some of the youngest or homeliest amongst us need not scruple to add—

"My hopes are with the dead ; anon  
My place with them will be,  
And I with them shall travel on  
Through all futurity ;  
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
That will not perish in the dust."

5. But it is not only by books, whether of literature or science, that the self-education of after life is assisted. When Joan of Arc was examined before her ecclesiastical judges, and was taunted with the reproach that such marvellous things as she professed to have seen and heard and done were not found written in any book which they had studied, she answered in a spirit akin, and in some respects superior, to the well-known

lines in which Hamlet replies to Horatio. She replied, "My Lord God has a book in which are written many things which even the most learned clerk and scholar has never come across." Let me take several examples, showing how education may be carried forward apart from books.

Let me touch on the experiences presented to our eyes and ears by travel. In this age it is one of the peculiar advantages offered to all classes, or almost all classes, which, in former times, was the privilege only of a few, that the great book of foreign countries and the phenomena of nature have been opened to our view. We hardly appreciate how vast a revelation, how new a creation has been opened to us in these respects within the last fifty years. A century ago not only were the scenes to be visited closed against us, but the eye by which we could see them was closed also. The poet Gray was the first human being who discovered the charms of the English lakes which are now able even to enter into a battle of life and death against the mighty power of a city like Manchester, because of the enthusiastic interest which they have enkindled in the hearts of all who visit them. The glories of the valley of Chamounix were first made known to the European world by two Englishmen at the close of the last century. Before that time the cherished resorts of such gifted personages as Voltaire and Madame de Staël were so selected as carefully to exclude every view of Mont Blanc and his great compeers. But in our time all these various forms of beauty and grandeur are appreciated with a keenness and sought with an enjoyment which must add new life and new vigour even to the most secluded amongst us.

6. Besides the education which distant travel may give there is also a constant process of self-education which may be carried on nearer home. It is not only that in each successive age, or at least in the age in which we

live, a new eye or faculty has been created by which we are enabled to see remote objects which to our forefathers were absolutely unknown; but, according to the familiar story which we read in our childhood, every human being may pass through the most familiar scenes with "eyes" or "no eyes." Let me illustrate this by the instruction which can be conveyed to an inquiring and observant mind by the city in which our lot is cast. "What a book!" as Joan of Arc would have said—"what a book of endless interest is opened to us in Bristol!" How it tells its own story of the long unbroken continuity of importance in which it stands second amongst British cities only to London. It is, as Lamartine says of Damascus, a predestinated city. Why was it of such early political eminence? Because, if I may use knowledge imparted to me since I came among you, it was the frontier fortress of the English race in the south, as Chester was in the north—to keep a watch on the wild Welshmen in their hills beyond the Severn. Why was it of such early commercial eminence, before the birth of Manchester, or Liverpool, or Birmingham, or Glasgow? Because it stood near the mouth of that great estuary by which alone at that time England was able to hold communion with the unknown West, with the Atlantic, and with the Transatlantic world. At the mouth of the Severn, yet what in those early days was even yet more valued, not quite at the mouth—parted only by that marvellous cleft of the Avon, up which the ships of old time came stealing, as by a secret passage, on the back of the enormous tide of the Bristol Channel, beyond the grasp of the pirate or buccaneer of the open sea.<sup>1</sup> And why did it become the scene of all those pleasant tales of Miss Burney, or Miss Edgeworth, or Miss

Austin, in later days, which made its localities familiar to the childhood of those who, like myself, knew Bristol like a household word fifty years before they explored it for themselves? It was the gush of mineral springs, the "hot wells," now forgotten, but then the rallying-point of fashion and society, beneath your limestone rocks. And what makes it such an ever-growing, ever-inspiring centre of institutions, such as Clifton College, already venerable with fame, and this new University College? It is the unrivalled combination of open downs, and deep gorges, and distant views, and magnificent foliage—magnificent still, in the wreck and devastation which causes even a stranger almost to weep, as he passes through the carnage of gigantic trunks with which the late hurricane has strewn the park of King's Weston. These are amongst the lessons which the education of after life may bring out from the pages of this vast illuminated book of the natural situation of Bristol, which, more even than the Charter of King John or the Bishopric of Henry VIII., have given to it its long eventful history and its never-ceasing charm.

7. Apart from the education to be derived from inanimate objects, there is the yet deeper education to be derived by those who have senses exercised to discern between true and false, between good and evil, from the great flux and reflux of human affairs, with which the peculiarity of our times causes all to become more or less conversant. One of the experiences which the education of life brings with it, or ought to bring with it, is an increasing sense of the difference between what is hollow and what is real, what is artificial and what is honest, what is permanent and what is transitory. "There are," says Goethe, in a proverb pointed out to me long ago by Lord Houghton as a summary of human wisdom, "many echoes in the world, but few voices." It is the business of the education of after life to make us more

<sup>1</sup> "The ancient cities of Greece, on account of the piracy then prevailing on the sea, were built rather at a distance from the shore." (Thucydides, i. 7.)

and more alive to this distinction. Think of the popular panics and excitements which we have outlived—of the delusions which we have seen possess whole masses of the people, educated and uneducated, and then totally pass away. You have, many of you, I doubt not, heard the story of the conversation of the most famous of all the Bishops of Bristol as he was walking in the dead of night in the garden of the now destroyed episcopal palace. "His custom," says his chaplain, "was when at Bristol to walk for hours in his garden in the darkest night which the time of year would afford; and I had frequently the honour to attend him. He would take a turn and then stop suddenly short, and ask the question, 'Why might not whole communities and public bodies be seized with fits of insanity as well as individuals? Nothing but this principle, that they are liable to insanity equally at least with private persons, can account for the major part of those tragedies of which we read in history.' I thought little," adds the Chaplain, "of the odd conceit of the Bishop, but I own I could not avoid thinking of it a great deal since, and applying it to many cases."

Yes. Bishop Butler was right. Such madnesses have occurred many and many a time before, and they have indeed been enacted many and many a time since. The madness of the people of London in the riots of Lord George Gordon; the madness of the people of Birmingham when they burned the library of Dr. Priestley; the madness of the people of Bristol, which laid waste in 1831 the very garden in which Bishop Butler made the remark one hundred years ago; the innumerable theological panics which I have seen rise and fall away in my own day—are all examples of the danger to which we are exposed in public agitations unless by the stern education of after life we deliberately guard ourselves against it.

It is with no view of producing an undue distrust either of human nature

or of popular judgments that I dwell on the deep conviction of the instability of temporary judgments which this experience of life impresses upon us. Like all insanity, it is best met by sanity. Like all falsehood and hollowness, it is best resisted by a determination on the part of those who know better, not to give way by one hairsbreadth to what they know in their own minds to be a fiction or a crime. If we all of us, as communities, as parties, as churches, are liable to these fits of madness, it is the more necessary that we should educate ourselves to be our own keepers. And as in actual insanity, so in those metaphorical insanities, it is encouraging to remember that one keeper, one sane keeper, is often quite enough to control many madmen. When one verger by his own stout arm and resolute speech saved Bristol Cathedral from the raging mob, he did what many a magistrate, or politician, or ecclesiastic under analogous circumstances might do, and what they have often failed to do and so have well nigh ruined the commonwealth. In these illusions of which we are speaking, it is not so difficult after all to detect the ring of a true or of a hollow word, it is not impossible to scent out with an almost infallible instinct the savour of the rotten or decaying or acrid element in human opinion, or to see wherein is to be found the light and glory and sweetness of the eternal future.

8. And this leads me to speak of that education which is given in our age and in our country more than in any other, namely:—education in public affairs or politics. I remember when in Russia that a Russian statesman was speaking of the important effects to be hoped from the endeavour to give more instruction to the people, "but," he said, "there is one process of education which has been more effectual still, and that is the reform in the administration of our courts of law and the introduction of trial by jury. This by bringing the peasants into the presence of the great

machinery of the State, by making them understand their own responsibility, by enabling them to hear patiently the views of others, is a never-failing source of elevation and instruction." Trial by jury, which to the Russian peasant is as it were but of yesterday, to us is familiar by the growth of a thousand years. It is familiar, and yet it falls only to the lot of few. I have myself only witnessed it once. But I thought it one of the most impressive scenes on which I had ever looked. The twelve men, of humble life, enjoying the advantage of the instruction of the most acute minds that the country could furnish; taught in the most solemn forms of the English language to appreciate the value of exact truth; seeing the whole tragedy of destiny drawn out before their very eyes, the weakness of passion, the ferocity of revenge, the simplicity of innocence, the moderation of the judge, the seriousness of human existence—this is an experience which may actually befall but a few, but to whomsoever it does fall the lessons which it imparts, the necessity of any previous preparation for it that can be given, leap at such moments to the eyes as absolutely inestimable. But what in its measure is true of the education which a juryman receives, and of the necessity of education for discharging the functions of a juryman, is true more or less of all the complex machinery by which the duties, the hopes, and the fears of English citizens are called into action. And here again the past history of Bristol furnishes so admirable an example of an important lesson of political education that I cannot forbear directing your attention to it. I mean Mr. Burke's speech in the Guildhall at Bristol, in which he refers to certain points in his parliamentary conduct in the year 1770. In making this reference you will not suppose that I am so indiscreet as to be entering on any political question, or taking the side of any political party. I am not favouring either the Anchor

or the Dolphin. I am not giving any advice to either of your respected members, nor to any distinguished persons who may come here on the day of your great benefactor Colston.

No—but I am trying to impress upon you all the value of the education of after life in raising you to the height of that great argument in which you have to confront the grave emergencies of our time and country. Burke is speaking against the folly of electors trying to engage their representatives in matters of local or peculiar interest, as distinct from the great questions of national policy. "Look, gentlemen," he says, "to the whole tenor of your member's conduct. Try whether his ambition or his avarice has jostled him out of the straight line of duty, or whether that grand foe of the offices of active life, that master-vice in men of business, a degenerate and inglorious sloth, has made him flag and languish in his course? This is the object of our inquiry. If your member's conduct can bear this touch, mark it for sterling. He may have fallen into errors; he must have faults; but our error is greater and our fault is radically ruinous to ourselves if we do not bear, if we do not even applaud, the whole compound and mixed mass of such a character. Not to act thus is folly; I had almost said it is impiety. He censures God who quarrels with the imperfections of man." "When we know that the opinions of even the greatest multitudes are the standard of rectitude, I shall think myself obliged to make those opinions the masters of my conscience. But if it may be doubted whether Omnipotence itself is competent to alter the essential constitution of right and wrong, sure I am that such things as they and I are possessed of no such power. No man carries further than I do the policy of making government pleasing to the people. But the widest range of this politic complaisance is confined within the limits of justice. I would not only consult

the interest of the people, but I would cheerfully gratify their humours. We are all a sort of children that must be soothed and managed. I think I am not austere or formal in my nature. I would bear, I would even myself play my part in, any innocent buffooneries to divert them. But I never will act the tyrant for their amusement. If they will mix malice in their sports I shall never consent to throw them any living, sentient creature whatsoever—no, not so much as a kitling to torment.” “I could wish undoubtedly to make every part of my conduct agreeable to every one of my constituents. But in so great a city, and so greatly divided as this, it is weak to expect it. In such a discordancy of sentiments it is better to look to the nature of things than to the humours of men. The very attempt towards pleasing everybody discovers a temper always flashy, and often false and insincere. Therefore, as I have proceeded straight onward in my conduct, so I will proceed in my account of those parts of it which have been most excepted to. But I must first beg leave just to hint to you that we may suffer very great detriment by being open to every talker. It is not to be imagined how much of service is lost from spirits full of activity and full of energy, who are pressing, who are rushing forward, to great and capital objects, when *you* oblige them to be continually looking back. Whilst they are defending one service they defraud you of an hundred. Applaud us when we run; console us when we fall; cheer us when we recover; but let us pass on—for God’s sake, let us pass on!”

I venture to quote these words of everlasting wisdom from one of the greatest masters of the English language and of English political science, because they well express that kind of public education which the mere experience of life ought to give us, quite irrespective of the special political party to which one

may be attached. No doubt, as Mr. Burke says, it is extremely difficult to know how far to concede to popular feeling, or, indeed, how far popular feeling is likely to be correct. We must all work with such instruments as are at hand. Yet not in politics only, but in all public affairs, not on one side only, but on both sides of public life, it is a peculiar danger of the generation in which our lot is cast that we are often tempted to abandon the lofty and independent line which Mr. Burke and the electors of Bristol then assumed. Often, more often, I fear, than in the days of our fathers, we meanly abdicate the function of leading the opinion of those whom we ought to lead, and prefer to follow the opinion of those who are no better—who are, it may be, worse than ourselves. Sometimes, instead of choosing courses which we believe to be for the good of the country or for the good even of the particular principles which we represent, we are weak enough to bow to the temporary exigencies of some passing war-cry on which we ourselves have no conviction at all, and which we only encourage for the purpose of acquiring power or influence to ourselves or our friends. It would be easy to illustrate this branch of public education by examples nearer home; but let us take the career of that distinguished French statesman who has just gone to his rest. M. Thiers had, no doubt, many faults, and upon his memory will always rest the burden of one or two of the greatest misfortunes which have overtaken his country; but it is to the later years of his course that I would call your attention. When during the German war of 1870 the condition of France had become well nigh desperate; when the passions, whether of the people or of their leaders, still refused to accept even the slightest proposals of peace, it was predicted by sagacious persons, both in France and in England, that the difficulty of arriving at any termination of that disastrous conflict

was enhanced by the circumstance that any statesman who ventured so far to resist the torrent of national frenzy as to make overtures to Germany, would be certain to forfeit every chance of future political success. One man, however, in that extreme emergency was found sufficiently patriotic to sacrifice the objects of his own ambition—vast as it was—to what he believed to be the good of his country. That man was Adolphe Thiers. And what was the result? All the predictions of which I have spoken were signally falsified. The act of pacification by which it was believed that his personal career was ruined became the stepping-stone by which, without dissent and with almost universal applause, he mounted to the highest place in the government of his country. And yet, once more, hardly had he been there seated when a second catastrophe overtook the nation, before which some of those who usually undertook to inspire and lead the masses turned and fled in dismay. The Commune was in possession of Paris; the working classes of that great metropolis had seized the citadel of the state. Again it was predicted that no minister who undertook the terrible task of suppressing that formidable insurrection could ever regain the confidence or the affection of the mass of the Parisian people. And yet what was the result? After a reconquest of the capital, accompanied by severities which I do not presume to judge, but which certainly were not calculated to conciliate the regard of those whose power was thus summarily broken, the same statesman was conveyed to his grave—lamented not merely by the upper classes of society which he had preserved from ruin, but with a singular and mysterious silence and solemnity of grief through the midst of the very population which he had thus rudely vanquished. I repeat that I do not refer to these incidents as an advocate of that remarkable man—he has much to answer for; and I

am not here either to defend or to condemn—but these acts in the last great epoch of his life are an encouragement to all those who, in the spirit of Edmund Burke, are steadfast to the dictates of their own consciences, confident that they will reap their reward before God and posterity, but not without the just hope that they may even reap it in the gratitude of those whose folly they have resisted. These and the like acts are lessons to us that the people have, at the bottom of their hearts, more sense and more justice than we give them credit for. We may trust that the mass of our fellow-countrymen, if we have had the courage in a good cause to thwart their unreasoning frenzy, will acknowledge at last that they were mistaken, and that we were right. This is the education of public life, on which much more might be said—on which I could not say less; but on which, perhaps, I have said enough.

9. There is one more general remark on the education of experience which brings us back to our college. We live in these days more rapidly than our fathers did; we see more changes; we live, as it is said, many lives in one. Now, of this rapid growth and various experience, there is one important lesson. It shows us how great are the possibilities and capabilities of human existence. A friend of mine last year with singular courage accomplished the rare and difficult task of ascending Mount Ararat. Two days after he had come down, his companion explained to an Armenian Archimandrite at the foot of the mountain what my friend had done. The venerable man sweetly smiled, and said, "It is impossible." "But," said the interpreter, "this traveller has been up and has returned." "No," said the Archimandrite, "no one ever has ascended, and no one ever will ascend Mount Ararat." This belief in the impossibility of what has been done is uncommon, but the belief in the impos-

sibility of what may be done is very common; and it is one delightful peculiarity of the history of Bristol that it enables us to bear up against this natural prejudice. It might have been thought impossible that there should have been discovered a North America as well as a South America. Yet it was discovered by a Venetian seaman who sailed from the harbour of Bristol. It was thought that no steamer could ever cross the Atlantic. Dr. Lardner proved to demonstration in this very city of Bristol that such an event could never take place; and the late Lord Derby said that of the first steamer which crossed he would engage to swallow the boiler. Yet such a steamer started from the docks of Bristol, and safely reached New York. It might have been thought that there was something impossible in the idea of a beneficent institution, living from hand to mouth, supported by the indomitable faith of one man, living on Providence. Yet this also has been fulfilled on Ashley Down. It might have been thought impossible that the rough lads of Kingswood should ever be reformed or that the women of India should ever be moulded by European influences. Yet this also was accomplished in our own day, by the faith and energy of a wise and gentle woman, dear to Bristol—Mary Carpenter. It might have been thought impossible that an institution like this should ever have sprung into existence, that Oxford should ever have come to Bristol—that three hundred Bristol students should have been listening to lecturers from Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin. Yet it has been done. All these discoverers have ascended Mount Ararat, and though the most incredulous Archimandrite may shake his head and sweetly smile, and say that it cannot be, yet these things, great and small, have been achieved—and achieved in safety.

This is one of the best fruits of the education of after life. It encourages the hope that impossibilities may become not only possibilities but actualities. There is a great company here of the "Merchant Venturers," called so, I am told, because they made some of those mighty ventures in former times by which new lands were found—new wealth and knowledge poured into this ancient city. But there are still many voyages to be made, still much wealth to be expended, still new Ararats to be scaled. We are all of us *Merchant Venturers*—we all of us must venture something, if we would leave something worth living for, nay, if we would have something to look forward to hereafter. *Nil desperandum* must be written, as in the porch of the Redcliffe Church, so over the entrance of every stage of our existence.

Yes, over every stage. For this is the last word I will venture to say concerning the education of life. In the transformation of opinion which is imperceptibly affecting all our conceptions of the future state, and in the perplexities and doubts which this transformation excites, the idea that comes with the most solid force and abiding comfort to the foreground is the belief that the whole of our human existence is an education—not merely, as Bishop Butler said, a probation for the future, but an education which shall reach into the future. The possibilities that overcome the impossibilities in our actual experience show us that there may be yet greater possibilities which shall overcome the yet more formidable impossibilities lying beyond our experience, beyond our sight, beyond the last great change of all. Through all these changes, and towards that unseen goal, in the words of Mr. Burke, *let us pass on—for God's sake, let us pass on!*

ARTHUR P. STANLEY.

## YOUNG MUSGRAVE.

## PART XII.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

GEOFF took the children home without let or hindrance. There was no inn near where they could pass the night; and as he had no legitimate right to their custody, and was totally unknown and very young, and might not awaken any lively faith in the bosom of authority as against the schoolmaster or the uncle, he thought it wisest to take them away at once. He managed to get some simplest food for them with difficulty—a little bread and milk—and made them lie down, propped amid the cushions of a first-class carriage, which was to be hooked on to the evening train when it arrived. Before they left the little station he had the satisfaction of seeing Randolph Musgrave arrive, looking sour and sullen. Geoff did not know that Randolph had done anything unkind to the children. Certainly it was none of his fault that Lilius was there; but what good partizan ever entered too closely into an examination of the actual rights and wrongs of a question? Randolph might have been innocent—as indeed he was—of any downright evil intention; but this availed him nothing. Geoff looked out of the window of his own carriage as they glided away from the station, and gazed with intensest schoolboy pleasure on the glum and sour countenance of the churlish uncle, who, but for his own intervention, might have wrought destruction to those new babes in the wood. He shivered when he thought of the two helpless creatures lying under the brambles, too frightened to move, and feeling to their hearts all the fantastic horrors of the darkness. Now, though still

in movement, and undergoing still further fatigue, the absolute rest which had fallen upon their childish spirits from the mere fact that he was there, touched the young man to the heart. They were willing to let him take them anywhere; their cares were over. Nello had even made a feeble little attempt to shake his draggled plumes and swagger a little, sore and uncomfortable though he was, before he clambered into the carriage; and Lilius lay in the nest he had made for her, looking out with eyes of measureless content—so changed from those great, wistful, unfathomable oceans of anxiety and fear which had looked at him through the brambles! She put her hand into his as he settled himself in his corner beside her—the little soft child's hand, which he warmed in his strong clasp, and which clung to him with a hold which did not relax even in her dreams; for she went to sleep so, holding him fast, feeling the sense of safety glow over her in delicious warmth and ease. Through all the night, even when she slept, at every movement he made her soft fingers closed more firmly upon his hand. It was the child's anchor of safety; and this clinging, conscious and unconscious, went straight to Geoff's heart. In the dark, under the waning light of the lamp overhead, he watched the little face sinking into sleep, with now a faint little smile upon it—a complete relaxation of all the strained muscles—with a sensation of happiness which was beyond words. Sometimes, for the mere pleasure of it, he would make a movement wantonly to feel the renewed clasp of the little hand and see the drowsy opening of the eyes. "Are you there, Mr. Geoff?" she said now and then, with a voice as soft (he thought) as the coo of a dove. "Yes,

my Lily;" he would say, with his heart swelling in his young bosom; and Liliás would drop to sleep again, smiling at him with sleepy eyes—in what ease and infinite content! As for Nello, he snored now and then out of very satisfaction and slumbering confidence; little snores, something between a little cherub's trumpet and the native utterance of the tenderest of little pigs—at that age when even little piggies, by reason of babyhood, have something cherubic about them too.

At midnight, at the great junction, a tall, sunburnt, anxious-faced man walked along the line of carriages, looking in with eager looks. "Are these your children?" he said to Geoff, seeing the two little figures laid up among the cushions, and not remarking how young their companion was. He spoke abruptly, but taking off his hat with an apologetic grace, which Geoff thought "foreign," as we are all so apt to suppose unusual courtesy to be. A sudden inspiration seized the young man. He did not know who this was, but somehow he never doubted who it was the stranger sought. "They are the little Musgraves of Penninghame," he said, simply, "whom I am taking home."

The tall stranger wavered for a moment, as though he might have fallen; then, in a voice half-choked, he asked, "May I come beside you?" He sat down in the seat opposite to Geoff, after an anxious inspection of the two little faces, now settled into profound sleep. "Thank God!" he said. "They are all I have in the world."

Who could it be? Geoff's ears seemed to tingle with the words—"All I have in the world." He sat in his dark corner and gazed at this strange new-comer, who was more in the light. And the new-comer gazed at him, seeing, after a while, the child's hand clasped in his—a mark of trust which, sweet as it was, kept young Geoff in a somewhat forced attitude, not comfortable for a long

night journey. "I do not know you," he said, "but my little girl seems to put her whole trust in you, and that must make me your grateful servant too."

"Then you are John Musgrave?" cried the young man. "Oh, sir, I am glad!—most glad that you have come home! Yes, I think she likes me; and, child or woman," cried young Geoff, clasping the little hand close with a sudden *effusion*, "I shall never care for any one else."

Serious, careworn, in peril of his life, John Musgrave laughed softly in his beard. "This is my first welcome home," he said.

Geoff found a carriage waiting for him at Stanton, his first impulse having been to take the children to his mother. He gave them up now with a pang, having first witnessed the surprise of incredulous delight with which Liliás flung herself at her waking upon her father. The cry with which she hailed him, the illumination of her face, and, Geoff felt, utter forgetfulness of his own claims, half-vexed the young man after his uncomfortable night; and it was with a certain pang that he gave the children up to their natural guardian. "Papa, this is Mr. Geoff," Liliás said; "no one has ever been so kind; and he knows about you something that nobody else knows."

John Musgrave looked up with a gleam of surprise and a faint suffusion of colour on his serious face. "Every one here knows about *me*," he said, with a sigh; and then he turned to the young guardian of his children. "Lily's introduction is of the slightest," he said. "I don't know you, nor how you have been made to take so much interest in them—how you knew even that they wanted help; but I am grateful to you with all my heart, all the same."

"I am Geoffrey Stanton," said the young man. He did not know how to make the announcement, but coloured high with consciousness of the pain that must be associated with his name.

But it was best, he felt, to make the revelation at once. "The brother of Walter Stanton, whom —. As Lilius says, sir, I know more about you than others know. I have heard everything."

John Musgrave shook his head. "Everything! till death steps in to one or another of the people concerned, that is what no one will ever know; but so long as you do not shrink from me, Lord Stanton — You are Lord Stanton, is it not so?"

"I am not making any idle brag," said Geoff. "I know *everything*. It was Bampfylde himself—Dick Bampfylde—who sent me after the children. I know the truth of it all, and I am ready to stand by you, sir, whenever and howsoever you want me—"

Geoff bent forward eagerly, holding out his hand, with a flush of earnestness and enthusiasm on his young face. Musgrave looked at him with great and serious surprise. His face darkened and lighted up, and he started slightly at the name of Bampfylde. At last, with a moment's hesitation, he took Geoff's outstretched hand, and pressed it warmly. "I dare not ask what it is you do know," he said, "but there is nothing on my hand to keep me from taking yours; and thank you a thousand times—thank you for *them*. About everything else we can talk hereafter."

In ten minutes after Geoff was whirling along the quiet country road on his way home. It was like a dream to him that all this should have happened since he last drove between these hedgerows, and he had the half-disappointed, half-injured feeling of one who has not carried out an adventure to its final end. He was worn out too, and excited, and he did not like giving up Lily into the hands of her father. Had it been Miss Musgrave he would have felt no difficulty. It was chilly in the early morning, and he buttoned up his coat to his chin, and put his hands in his pockets, and let his groom drive, who had evidently something to say

to him which could scarcely be kept in till they got clear of the station. Geoff had seen it so distinctly in the man's face, that he had asked at once, "Is all right at home?" But he was too tired to pay much attention to anything beyond that. When they had gone on for about a quarter of an hour, however, the groom himself broke the silence. "I beg your pardon, my lord—"

"What is it?" Geoff, retired into the recesses of his big coat, had been half asleep.

Then the man began an excited story. He had heard a scuffle and struggle at a point of the road which they were about approaching, when on his way to meet his master. Wild cries, "not like a human being," he said, and the sound of a violent encounter. "I thought of the madman I was telling your lordship of yesterday."

"And what was it?" cried Geoff, rousing up to instant interest; upon which the groom became apologetic.

"How could I leave my horse, my lord? — a young beast, very fresh, as your lordship knows. He'd have bolted if I'd left him for a moment. It was all I could do, as it was, to hold him in with such cries in his ears. I sent on the first man I met. A man does not grapple with a madman unless he is obliged to—"

"But you sent the other man to do it," said Geoff, half-amused, half-angry. He sprang from the phaeton as they came to the spot which the groom pointed out. It was a little dell, the course of a streamlet, widening as it ascended, and clothed with trees. Geoff knew the spot well. About half a mile further up, on a little green plateau in the midst of the line of sheltering wood which covered these slopes, his brother's body had been found. He had been taken to see the spot with shuddering interest when he was a child, and had never forgotten the fatal place. The wood was very thick, with rank, dark, water-loving trees; and whether

it was fancy or reality, had always seemed to Geoff the most dismal spot in the county. All was quiet now, or so he thought at first. But there was no mistaking the evidence of wet, broken, and trampled grass, which showed where some deadly struggle had been. The spot was not far from the road—about five minutes of ascent, no more—and the young man pressed on, guided by signs of the fray, and in increasing anxiety; for almost at the first step he saw an old game-pouch thrown on the ground, which he recognised as having been worn by Bampfylde. Presently he heard, a little in advance of him, a low groan, and the sound of a sympathetic voice. "Could you walk, with my arm to steady you? Will you try to walk, my man?" Another low moaning cry followed. "My walking's done in this world," said a feeble voice. Geoff hurried forward, stifling a cry of grief and pain. He had known it since he first set foot on that fatal slope. It was Bampfylde's voice; and presently he came in sight of the group. The sympathiser was the same labouring man, no doubt, whom his groom had sent to the rescue. Wild Bampfylde lay propped upon the mossy bank, his head supported upon a bush of heather. The stranger who stood by him had evidently washed the blood from his face and unbuttoned his shirt, which was open. There was a wound on his forehead, however, from which blood was slowly oozing, and his face was pallid as death. "Let me be—let me be," he said with a groan, as his kind helper tried to raise him. Then a faint glimmer of pleasure came over his ghastly face. "Ah, my young lord!" he said.

"What is it, Bampfylde? What has happened? Is he much hurt?" cried Geoff, kneeling down by his side. The man did not say anything, but shook his head. The vagrant himself smiled, with a kind of faint amusement in the mournful glimmer of his eyes.

"Not hurt, my young gentleman; just killed," he said; "but you're back—and they're safe!"

"Safe, Bampfylde; and listen!—with their father. He has come to take care of his own."

A warmer gleam lighted up the vagrant's face. "John Musgrave here! Ah, but it's well timed," he cried feebly. "My young lord, I'm grieved but for one thing, the old woman. Who will take care of old 'Lizabeth? and she's been a good woman—if it had not been her son that went between her and her wits. I'm sorry for her, poor old body; very, very sorry for her, poor 'Lizabeth. He'll never be taken now, my young lord. Now he's killed me, there's none will ever take him. And so we'll all be ended, and the old woman left to die, without one—without one——!"

"My cart is at the foot of the hill," said Geoff, quickly, addressing the labourer, who stood by with tears in his eyes; "take it, and bid the groom drive as fast as the horse will go—and he's fresh—for the first doctor you can find; and bid them send an easy carriage from Stanton—quick! For every moment you save I'll give you——"

"I want no giving. What a man can do for poor Dick Bampfylde, I will," cried the other as he rushed down the slope. The vagrant smiled feebly again.

"They're all good-hearted," he said. "Not one of them but would do poor Dick Bampfylde a good turn; that's a pleasure, my young lord. And you—you're the best of all. Ay, let him go, it'll please you; but me, my hour's come."

"Bampfylde, does it hurt you to speak? Can you tell me how it was?"

The poor fellow's eyes were glazing over. He made an effort when Geoff's voice caught him as it were, and arrested the stupor. "Eh, my young lord! What need to tell? Poor creature, he did not know me for a friend, far less a brother. And mad-

ness is strong—it's strong. Tell the old woman that—it was not *me* he killed—but—one that tried to take him. Ay—we were all playing about the beck, and her calling us to come in—all the family; him and—Lily—and me. I was always the least account—but it was *me* that would aye be first to answer;—and now we are all coming home—Poor old 'Lizabeth—Eh! what were you saying, my young lord?"

"Bampfylde! has he got clear off again, after this? Where is he? Can you tell me—for the sake of others if not for your own."

"For mine!—Would it mend me to tell upon him?—Nay, nay, you'll never take him—never now; but he'll die—like the rest of us—that is what puts things square, my young lord—death!—it settles all; you'll find him some place on the green turf—we were aye a family that liked the green grass underneath us—you'll find him—as peaceable as me."

"Oh, Bampfylde," cried Geoff, "keep up your courage a little! the men will come directly and carry you to Stanton."

"To carry me—to the kirkyard—that's my place; and put green turf over me—nothing but green turf. So long as you will be kind to old 'Lizabeth; she'll live—she's not the kind that dies—and not one of us to the fore! What did we do—we or our fathers?" said the vagrant solemnly. "But, oh, that's true, true—that's God's word: Neither he did it nor his fathers—but that the works of God might be manifest. Eh, but I cannot see—I cannot see how the work of God is in it. My eyes—there's not much good in my eyes now."

Geoff kneeled beside the dying man not knowing what to do or say. Should he speak to him of religion? Should he question him about his own hard fate, that they might bring it home to the culprit? But Bampfylde was not able for either of these subjects. He was wading in the vague and misty country which is between life and death. He threw out his arms in the

languor and restlessness of dying, and one of them dropped so that the fingers dipped in the little brook. This brought another gleam of faint pleasure to his pallid face.

"Water—give me some—to drink," he murmured, moving his lips. And then, as Geoff brought it to him in the hollow of a leaf, and moistened his lips and bathed his forehead—"Thank you, Lily," he said. "That's pleasant, oh, that's pleasant. And what was it brought you here—you here?—they're all safe, the young ones—thanks to—Eh! it's not Lily—but I thought I saw Lily; it's you, my young lord?"

"Yes, I am here—lean on me, Bampfylde. What can I do for you! what can I do?" Geoff had never seen death, and he trembled with awe and solemn reverence, far more deeply moved than the dying vagrant who was floating away on gentle waves of unconsciousness.

"Ay, Lily—d'ye hear her calling?—the house is dark, and the night's fine. But let's go to her—let's go; he was aye the last, though she likes him best." Bampfylde raised himself suddenly with a half convulsive movement. "Poor 'Lizabeth—poor old 'Lizabeth!—all gone—all gone!" he said.

And what an hour Geoff spent supporting the poor head, and moistening the dry lips of the man who was dead, yet could not die! He did not know there had been such struggles in the world.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### A TRAITOR.

MR. PENNITHORNE was at the Castle almost all the day during which so many things occurred. While the children wandered in the wood and young Lord Stanton went in search of them, the vicar could not leave the centre of anxiety. There was no possibility of going upon that quest till the evening, and good Mr. Pen thought it his bounden duty to

stay with John to "take off his attention," to distract his mind if possible from the object of his anxieties. It was all John Musgrave could do, by way of consideration for an old friend to put up with these attentions, but he managed to do so without betraying his impatience, and Mr. Pen thought he had performed the first duty of friendship. He suggested everything he could think of that might have happened; most of his suggestions going to prove that Lillas was in very great peril indeed, though she might be saved in various ingenious ways. And he took Mary aside and shook his head, and said he was afraid it was a very bad business. He believed, good man, that he was of the greatest use to them both, and congratulated himself on having stayed to discharge this Christian duty. But Mrs. Pen at the vicarage got cross and nervous, and did not think her husband was doing his duty to his home. When a telegram came in the afternoon, she was not only curious but frightened—for telegrams she thought were always messages of evil. What could it tell but harm? Perhaps that her father had been taken ill (Mr. Pen himself had no family nor anybody to speak of belonging to him); perhaps that the investment had gone wrong in which all their little money was. She tore it open in great agitation, and read as follows:—

*"John Musgrave is in the country and near you. Do you remember what is your duty as a magistrate, and what is the penalty of not performing it?"*

Mrs. Pen read the alarming missive two or three times over before she could understand what it meant. John Musgrave! by degrees it became clear to her. This was why her husband deserted her, and spent his whole day at the Castle. He a magistrate whose first duty it was to send John Musgrave to prison. The penalty—what was the penalty? The poor woman was in such a frenzy of agitation and terror that she did not know what to believe. What could they do to him if it was found out? She went to the

window and looked for him. She went out and walked to the garden gate. She was not able to keep still. The penalty—what was it? Could they put him in prison instead of the criminal he allowed to go free? That seemed the most natural thing, and imagination conjured up before her the dreadful scene of Mr. Pen's arrest, perhaps when he was going to church, perhaps when the house was full of people—everybody seeing—everybody knowing it. Mrs. Pen saw her husband dragged along the road in handcuffs before she came to an end of her imaginations. Was there nothing she could do to save him? She was ready to put herself in the breach, to say like a heroine, "Take me, and let him go free!" but it did not appear to her likely that the myrmidons of the law would pay any attention to such a touching interposition. Then it occurred to her to look who it was, a thing she had not noticed at first, who had sent this kind warning. But this alarmed her more and more. It was some one who called himself "Friend," who had taken the trouble, from a distant place in the midland counties, to telegraph thus to Mr. Pennithorne. A friend—it was then an anonymous warning—a very alarming thing indeed to the vulgar mind. Mrs. Pen worked herself up into a state of intense nervous agitation. She sent for the gardener that she might send him at once to the Castle for her husband. But before he came another train of reflections came across her mind. John Musgrave was her William's friend. He was devoted to the family generally and to this member of it in particular. Was he not capable of going to prison—of letting himself be handcuffed and dragged along the public road, and cast into a dungeon rather than give up his friend to justice? Oh, what could the poor woman do? If she could but take some step—do something to save him before he knew.

All at once there occurred to Mrs. Pen a plan of action which would put

everything right—save William in spite of himself, and without his knowledge, and put John Musgrave in the hands of justice without any action of his which could be supposed unfriendly. She herself, Mrs. Pen, did not even know John, so that if she betrayed him it would be nothing unkind, nobody could blame her, not Mary Musgrave herself. When the gardener came, instead of sending him to the Castle for her husband, she sent him to the village to order the fly in which she occasionally paid visits. And she put on her best clothes with a quiver of anxiety and terror in her heart. She put the telegram in her pocket, and drove away—with a half satisfaction in her own appearance, and half pride in bidding the man drive to Elfdale, to Sir Henry Stanton's, mingling with the real anxiety in her heart. She was frightened too at what she was about to do—but nobody could expect from her any consideration for John Musgrave, whom she had never seen; whereas to save her husband from the consequences of his foolish faithfulness, was not that the evident and first duty of a wife? It was a long drive, and she had many misgivings as she drove along, with plenty of time to consider and reconsider all the arguments she had already gone over; but yet when she got to Elfdale she did not seem to have had any time to think at all. She was hurried in, before she knew, to Sir Henry Stanton's presence. He was the nearest magistrate of any importance, and Mrs. Pen had a slight visiting acquaintance of which she was very proud, with Lady Stanton. Had she repented at the last of her mission, she could always make out to herself that it was Lady Stanton she had come to visit. But it was Sir Henry whom she asked for, alarm for her husband at the last moment getting the better of her fears.

Sir Henry received her with a great deal of surprise. What could the little country clergyman's wife want with him? But he was still more surprised when he heard her errand. John

Musgrave at home—within reach—daring justice—defying the law! His wife had told him of some supposed discovery which she at least imagined likely to clear Musgrave, by bringing in another possible criminal, but that must be some merely nonsensical theory he had no doubt, such as women and boys are apt to indulge—for if anything could be worse than women, Sir Henry felt it was boys inspired by women, and carrying out their fancies. Therefore he had paid very little regard to what his wife said. Mrs. Pennithorne had the advantage of rousing him into excitement. What! come back!—daring justice to touch him—insulting the family of the man he had killed, and the laws of the country! Sir Henry fumed at the audacity, the evident absence of all remorse or compunction. "He must be a shameless, heartless ruffian," he said, and then he looked at the harmless little woman who had brought him this news. "It is very public-spirited to bestir yourself in the matter," he said. "Have you seen the man, Mrs. Pennithorne, or how have you come to know?"

"I have not seen him, Sir Henry. I don't know anything about him, therefore nobody could say that it was unkind in me. How can you have any feeling for a person you never saw? I got—the news to-day when my husband was at the Castle—he did not tell me—he has nothing to do with it. He is a great friend of the Musgraves, Sir Henry. And I was told if he knew and did not tell it would bring him into trouble—so I came to you. I thought it was a wife's duty. I did not wait till he came in to show him the telegram, but I came straight on to you."

"Then you got a telegram?"

"Did I say a telegram?" she said, frightened. "Oh—I did not think what I was saying. But why should I conceal it? Yes, indeed, Sir Henry, this afternoon there came a telegram. I have never had a moment's peace since then. I thought at first I would send for him and see what he would

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do, but then I thought—he thinks so much of the Musgraves. No doubt it would be a trouble to him to go against them; and so I thought before he came in I would come to you. I would not do anything without consulting my husband in any ordinary way, indeed, I assure you, Sir Henry. I am not a woman of that kind; but in a thing that might have brought him into such trouble——”

“And is this telegram all you know, Mrs. Pennithorne?”

A horrible dread that he was going to disapprove of her, instead of commending her, ran through her mind.

“It is all,” she said, faltering; “I have it in my pocket.”

To show the telegram was the last thing in her mind, yet she produced it now in impetuous self-defence. Having made such a sacrifice as she had done, acted on her own authority, incurred the expense of the fly, absented herself from home without anybody’s knowledge (though William was far too much wrapped up in the Musgraves to be aware of that), it was more than Mrs. Pennithorne could bear to have her motives thus unappreciated. She held out the telegram without pausing to think. He took it and read it with a curious look on his face. Sir Henry took a low view of wives and women in general. If she belonged to him how he would put her down, this meddling woman! but he was glad to learn what she had to tell, and to be able to act upon it. To approve of your informant and to use the information obtained are two very different things.

“This is a threat,” he said; “this is a very curious communication, Mrs. Pennithorne. Do you know who sent it? Friend! Is it a friend in the abstract, or does your husband know any one of the name?”

“I don’t know who it is. Oh no, Sir Henry. William knows no one—no one whom I don’t know! His friends are my friends. My husband is the best of men. He has not a secret from me. If I may seem to be

acting behind his back it is only to save him, Sir Henry; only for his good.”

“You are acting in the most public-spirited way, Mrs. Pennithorne; but it is very strange, and I wonder who could have sent it. Do you know any one at this place?”

“Nobody,” she said, composing herself, yet not quite satisfied either, for public-spirited was but a poor sort of praise. She was conscious that she was betraying her husband as well as John Musgrave, and nothing but distinct applause and assurance that she had saved her William could have put her conscience quite at ease.

“It is very odd—very odd,” he said; “but I am very much obliged to you for bringing this information to me, and I shall lose no time in acting upon it. For a long time—a very long time, this man has evaded the law; but it will not do to defy it—it never does to defy it. He shall find that it is more watchful than he thought.”

“And, Sir Henry, of course it is of my husband I must think first. You will not say he knew? You will not let him get into trouble about it? A clergyman, a man whom every one looks up to! You will save him from the penalty, Sir Henry? Indeed I have no reason to believe he knew at all; he has never seen this thing. I don’t suppose he knows at all. But he might be so easily got into trouble! Oh, Sir Henry! you will not let them bring in William’s name?”

“I shall take care that Mr. Pennithorne is not mentioned at all,” he said, with a polite bow; but he did not add, “You are a heroic woman and you have saved your husband,” which was the thing poor Mrs. Pen wanted to support her. She put back her telegram in her pocket very humbly and rose up, feeling herself more a culprit than a heroine, to go away. At this moment Lady Stanton herself came in hurriedly.

“I heard Mrs. Pennithorne was hear,” she said, with a half apology to

her husband, "and I thought I might come and ask what was the last news from Penninghame—if there was any change. I am not interrupting—business!"

"No; you will be interested in the news Mrs. Pennithorne brings me," said Sir Henry, with a certain satisfaction. "Mr. Musgrave's son John, in whom you have always shown so much interest, Walter Stanton's murderer——"

"No, no," she said, with a shudder, folding her hands instinctively; "no, no!" The colour went out of her very lips. She was about to hear that he had died. He must have died on the very day she saw him. She listened, looking at her husband all pale and awe-stricken, with a gasp in her throat.

"Is here," said Sir Henry, deliberately. "Here, where it was done, defying the law."

Mary uttered a great cry of mingled relief and despair.

"Then it was he—it was he—and no ghost!" she cried.

"What! you knew and never told me? I am not so happy in my wife," said Sir Henry, with a threatening smile, "as Mr. Pennithorne."

"Oh, was it he—was it he? no spirit but himself? God help him," cried Lady Stanton, with sudden tears. "No, I could not have told you, for I thought it was an apparition. And I would not, Henry," she added, with a kind of generous passion. "I would not if I could. How could I betray an innocent man?"

"Happily Mrs. Pennithorne has saved you the trouble," he said, getting up impatiently from his seat. He resented his wife's silence, but he scorned the other woman who had brought him the news. "Do not let me disturb you, ladies, but this is too important for delay. The warrant must be out to-night. I trust to your honour or I might arrest you both," he said with a sneer; "two fair prisoners—lest you should warn the man and defeat justice again."

"Henry, you are not going to arrest him—to arrest him—after what I told you? I told you that Geoff——"

"Geoff! send Geoff to your nursery to play with your children, Lady Stanton," he cried, in rising wrath, "rather than make a puppet of him to carry out your own ideas. I have had enough of boys' nonsense and women's. Go to your tea-table, my lady, and leave me to manage my own concerns."

Then Lady Stanton—was it not natural?—with a white, self-contained passion, turned upon the other commonplace woman by her side, who stood trembling before the angry man, yet siding with him in her heart as such women do.

"And is it you that have betrayed him?" she cried; "do you know that your husband owes everything to him—everything? Oh, it cannot be Mr. Pen's doing—he loved them all too well. If it is you, how will you bear to have his blood on your head? God knows what they may prove against him or what they may do to him; but whatever it is, it will be a lie, and his blood will be on your head. Oh, how could you, a woman, betray an innocent man?"

Lady Stanton's passion, Sir Henry's lowering countenance, the sudden atmosphere of tragedy in which she found herself, were too much for poor Mrs. Pen. She burst into hysterical crying, and dropped down upon the floor between these two excited people. Perhaps it was as good a way as another of extricating herself out of the most difficult position in which a poor little, well-intentioned clergywoman had ever been.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### THE MOTHER.

THE afternoon of the day on which poor Bampfylde died was bright and fine, one of those beautiful October days which are more lovely in their wistful brightness, more touching, than any other period of the year. Summer

still lingering, the smile on her lip and the tear in her eye, dressed out in borrowed splendour, her own fair garniture of flowers and greenery worn out, but wearing her Indian mantle with a tender grace, subdued and sweet. The late mignonette overblown, yet fragrant, was sweet in the little village gardens, underneath the pale china roses that still kept up a little glow of blossom. Something had excited the village; the people were at their doors, and gathered in groups about. Miss Price, the dressmaker, held a little court. There was evidently something to tell, something to talk over more than was usual. The few passengers who were about, stayed to hear, and each little knot of people, which had managed to secure a new listener, was happy. They were all in full tide of talk, commenting upon and discussing some occurrence with a certain hush, at the same time, of awe about them, which showed that the news was not of a joyful character—when some one came down through the village, whose appearance raised the excitement to fever-point. It was the well-known figure of the old woman in her grey cloak—so well known up the water and down the water—which thus suddenly appeared among them—Old 'Lizabeth Bampfylde! The gossips shrank closer together, and gazed at her, with eager curiosity all, with sympathy some. They drew away from her path with a feeling which was half reverence and half fear. "Does she know—do you think she knows?" some of them asked; and exclamations of "Poor old body—poor woman," were rife among the kind-hearted; but all under their breath. 'Lizabeth took no notice of the people in her path; perhaps she did not even see them. She was warm with her long walk from the fells, and had thrown off her hood, and knotted her red handkerchief over her cap. She went along thus with the long swing of her still vigorous limbs, stately and self-absorbed. Whatever she knew her

mind was too much occupied to take any notice of the people in her way. She had walked far, and she had far to walk still. She went on steadily through the midst of them without a pause, looking neither to the right nor the left. There was a tragic directness in the very way she moved, going straight as a bird flies, at least as straight as the houses permitted, minding no windings of the road. The people in front of her stood back and whispered; the people behind closed upon her path. Did she know? would she have had the fortitude to come walking down here all this long way had she known? was she going to Stanton where *they* were? Last of all, timidly, the people said among themselves, "Should not some one tell her? some one should speak to her;" but by this time she had passed through the village, and they all felt with a sensation of relief that it was too late.

'Lizabeth walked on steadily along the waterside. It was a long way that she had still before her. She was going all the way down the water to Sir Henry Stanton's, as Mrs. Pennithorne had gone the day before. The walk was nothing to her, and the long silence of it was grateful to her mind. She knew nothing of what had happened on the other side of the lake. Up in her little house among the hills, all alone in the strange cessation of work, the dead leisure which seemed to have fallen upon her, she had thought of everything till her head and her heart ached alike. Everything now seemed to have gone wrong. Her daughter dead in exile, and her daughter's husband still a banished man, all for the sake of him who was roaming over the country a fugitive escaped from her care. The life of her son Dick had been ruined by the same means. And now the cycle of misfortune was enlarging. The little boy, who was the heir of the Musgraves, was lost too because he had no one to protect him—Lily's child; and the other Lily, the little

lady whom she felt to be her own representative, as well as Lily's, who could tell what would become of her? It seemed to 'Elizabeth that this child was the most precious of all. All the rest had suffered for the sake of her madman; but the second Lily, the little princess, who had sprung from her common stock, nothing must touch. Yet it cannot be said that it was for Lily's sake that she made up her mind at last; it was nothing so simple, it was a combination and complication of many motives. He was gone out of her hands who had been for years the absorbing occupation of her life. Dick was after him, it was true; but if Dick failed, how was he to be got without public help? and that help could not be given until the whole story was told. Then her own loneliness wrought upon her, and all the whispers and echoes that circled about the cottage, when he was not there. Her son, ill-fated companion, the ruin of all who had any connection with him, absorbed her so much in general, that she had no time to survey the surroundings, and think of all that was, and had been, and might be. Was it he after all that was the cause of all the suffering? What did he know of it? The story of Lily and of John Musgrave was a blank to him. He knew nothing of what they had suffered, was innocent of it in reality. Had he known, would he not have given himself up a hundred times rather than the innocent should suffer for him? Was it he, then, or his mother who was the cause of all? Several times, during their long agony, such thoughts had overwhelmed 'Elizabeth's mind. They had come over her in full force when the children came to the Castle, and then it was that she had been brought to the length of revealing her secret to young Lord Stanton. Now everything was desperate about her; the little boy lost, the madman himself lost; no telling at any moment what misery and horror might come next. She thought this over day after day as the

time passed, and no news came; waiting in the great loneliness, with her doors all open, that he might come in if some new impulse, or some touch of use and wont, should lead him back, her ears intent to hear every sound; her mind prepared (she thought) for any thing; fresh violence, perhaps; violence to himself; miserable death, terrible discovery. She thought she heard his wild whoops and cries every time the wind raved among the hills; if a mountain stream rushed down a little quicker than usual, swollen by the rain, over its pebbles, she thought it was his hurrying steps. It was always of him that her thoughts were, not of her other son who was pursuing the madman all about, subject to the same accidents, and who might perhaps be his victim instead of his captor. She never thought of that. But she was driven at last to a supreme resolution. Nobody could doubt his madness, could think it was a feint put on to escape punishment now. And God, who was angry, might be propitiated if at last she made Him, though unwillingly, this sacrifice, this homage to justice and truth. This was the idea which finally prevailed in her mind. She would go and tell her story, and perhaps an angry God would accept, and restore the wanderer to her. If he were safe, safe even in prison, in some asylum, it would be better at least than his wild career of madness, among all the dangers of the hills. She had risen in the morning from her uneasy bed, where she lay half-dressed, always watching, listening to every sound, with this determination upon her. She would propitiate God. She would do this thing she ought to have done so long ago. She did not deny that she ought to have done it, and now certainly she would do it, and God would be satisfied, and the tide of fate would turn.

All this struggle had not been without leaving traces upon her. Her ruddy colour, the colour of exposure as well as of health and vigour, was not altogether gone, but she was more

brown than ruddy, and this partial paleness and the extreme gravity of her countenance added to the stately aspect she bore. She might have been a peasant-queen, as she moved along with her steady, long, swinging foot-step, able for any exertion, above fatigue or common weakness. A mile or two more or less, what did that matter? It did not occur to her to go to Mr. Pennithorne, though he was nearer, with her story. She went straight to Sir Henry Stanton. He had a family right to be the avenger of blood. It would be all the compensation that could be made to the Stantons, as well as a sacrifice propitiating God. And now that she had made up her mind there was no detail from which she shrank. 'Lizabeth never remarked the pitying and wondering looks which were cast upon her. She went on straight to her end with a sense of the solemnity and importance of her mission which perhaps gave her a certain support. It was no light thing that she was about to do. That there was a certain commotion and agitation about Elfdale did not strike her in the excited state of her mind. It was natural that agitation should accompany her wherever she went. It harmonized with her mood, and seemed to her (unconsciously) a homage and respectful adhesion of nature to what she was about to do.

The great door was open, the hall empty, the way all clear to the room in which Sir Henry held his little court of justice. 'Lizabeth had come by instinct to the great hall door—a woman with such a tragical object does not steal in behind backs or enter like one of the unconsidered poor. She went in unchallenged, seeing nobody except one of the girls, who peeped out from a door, and retreated again at sight of her. 'Lizabeth saw nothing strange in all this. She went in, more majestically, more slowly than ever, like a woman in a procession, a woman marching to the stake. What stake, what burning could be so terrible? Two of the

country police were at the open door; they looked at her with wondering awe, and let her pass. What could any one say to her? An army would have let her pass—the mother!—for they knew, though she did not know. 'Lizabeth saw but vaguely a number of people in the room—so much the better; let all hear who would hear. It would be so much the greater propitiation to an outraged Heaven. She came in with a kind of dumb state about her, everybody giving way before her. The mother! they all said to each other with dismay, yet excitement. Some one brought her a chair with anxious and pitying looks. She put it away with a wave of her hand, yet made a little curtsy of acknowledgment in old-fashioned politeness. It never occurred to her mind to inquire why she was received with such obsequious attention. She advanced to the table at which Sir Henry sat. He too looked pityingly, kindly at her, not like his usual severity. God had prepared everything for her atonement—was it not an earnest of its acceptance that He should thus have put every obstacle out of her way?

"Sir Henry Stanton," she said, "I've come to make you acquaint with a story that all the country should have heard long ago. I've not had the courage to tell it till this moment, when the Lord has given me strength. Bid them take pen and paper and put it all down in hand of write, and I'll set my name to it. It's to clear them that are innocent that I've come to speak, and to let it be known who was guilty; but it wasna him that was guilty—it wasna him—but the madness in him," she said, her voice breaking for a moment. "My poor, distracted lad!"

"Give her a seat," said Sir Henry. "My poor woman, if you have any information to give about this terrible event——"

"Ay, I have information—plenty information. Nay, I want no seat. I'm standing as if I was at the judgment-seat of God; there's where I've

stood this many a year, and been judged, but aye held fast. What is man, a worm, to strive with his Maker? but me, I've done that, that am but a woman. I humbly crave the Almighty's pardon, and I've made up my mind to do justice now—at the last."

The people about looked at each other, questioning one another what it was, all but two, who knew what she meant. Young Lord Stanton, who was close to the table, looked across at a tall stranger behind, by whom the village constable was standing, and who replied to Geoff's look by a melancholy half smile. The others looked at each other, and 'Lizabeth, though she saw no one, saw this wave of meaning, and felt it natural too.

"Ay," she said, "you may wonder; and you'll wonder more before all's done. I am a woman that was the mother of three; bonny bairns—though I say it that ought not; ye might have ranged the country from Carlisle to London town, and not found their like. My Lily was the beauty of the whole water; up or down, there was not one that you would look at when my lass was by. What need I speak? You all know that as well as me."

The swell of pride in her as she spoke filled the whole company with a thrill of admiration and wonder, like some great actress disclosing the greatness of impassioned nature in the simplest words. She was old, but she was beautiful too. She looked round upon them with the air of a dethroned empress, from whom the recollection of her imperial state could never depart. Rachel could not have done it, nor perhaps any other of her profession. There was the sweetness of remembered triumph in the midst of the most tragic depths; a gleam of pride and pleasure out of the background of shame and pain.

"Ah! that's all gone and past," she went on with a sigh. "My eldest lad was more than handsome, he was a genius as well. He was taken away

from me when he was but a little lad—and never came home again till—till the devil got hold of him, and made him think shame of his poor mother, and the poor place he was born in. I would never have blamed him. I would have had him hold his head with the highest, as he had a right—for had he not gotten that place for himself?—but when he came back to the waterside a great gentleman and scholar, and would never have let on where he belonged to, one that is not here to bear the blame," said 'Lizabeth, setting her teeth—"one that is gone to his account—and well I wot the Almighty has punished him for his ill deeds—betrayed my lad. Some of the gentry were good to him—as good as the angels in heaven—but some were as devils, that being their nature. And this is what I've got to say." Here she made a pause, raised herself to her full height, and threw off the red kerchief from her head in her agitation. "I've come here to accuse before God and you, Sir Henry, my son, Abel Bampfylde, him I was most proud of and loved best, of the murder of young Lord Stanton, which took place on the morning of the second of August, eighteen hundred and forty-five—fifteen years ago and more."

The sensation that followed is indescribable. Sir Henry Stanton himself rose from his seat, excited by wonder, horror, and pity, beyond all ordinary rule. The bystanders had but a vague sense of the extraordinary revelation she made, so much were they moved by the more extraordinary passion in her, and the position in which she stood. "My good woman, my poor woman!" he cried, "this last dreadful tragedy has gone to your brain—and no wonder. You don't know what you say."

She smiled—mournfully enough, but still it was a smile—and shook her head. "If you had said it as often to yourself as I have done—night and day—night and day; open me when I'm dead, and you'll find it here," she cried—all unaware that this same language of passion had been used

before—and pressing her hand upon her breast. “The second of August, eighteen hundred and forty-five—if you had said it over as often as me!”

There was a whisper all about, and the lawyer of the district, who acted as Sir Henry’s clerk on important occasions, stooped towards him and said something. “The date is right. Yes, yes, I know the date is right,” Sir Henry said, half-angrily. Then added, “There must be insanity in the family. What more like the effort of a diseased imagination than to link the old crime of fifteen years ago with what has happened to-day?”

“Is it me that you call insane?” said ‘Lizabeth. “Eh, if it was but me! But well I know what I’m saying.” Then the wild looks of all around her suddenly impressed the old woman, too much occupied hitherto to think what their looks meant. She turned round upon them with slowly-awakening anxiety. “You’re looking strange at me,” she cried; “you’re all looking strange at me. What is this you’re saying that has happened to-day? Oh, my lad is mad!—he’s roaming the hills, and Dick after him; he doesn’t know what he’s doing; he’s out of his senses; it’s no ill-meaning. Lads, some of you tell me; I’m going distracted. What has happened to-day?”

The change in her appearance was wonderful; her solemn stateliness and abstraction were gone. Here was something she did not know. The flush of anxiety came to her cheeks, her eyes contracted, her lips fell apart. “Tell me,” she said, “for the love of God!”

No one moved. They looked at each other with pale, alarmed faces. How could they tell her? Geoff stepped forward and took her by the arm very gently. “Will you come with me?” he said. “Something has happened; something that will grieve you deeply. I—I promised Dick to tell you, but not here. Won’t you come with me?”

She drew herself out of his grasp with some impatience. “There’s been some new trouble,” she said to herself—“some new trouble! No doubt more violence. Oh, God, forgive him! but he does not know what he’s doing. It’s you, my young lord! You know it’s true what I’ve been saying. But this new trouble, what is it?—more blood! Oh, tell me the worst; I can bear it all, say, even if he was dead.”

“‘Lizabeth,” said Geoff, with tears in his voice—and again everybody looked on as at a tragedy—“you are a brave woman; you have borne a great deal in your life. He is dead; but that is not all.”

She did not note or perhaps hear the last words. How should she? The first was enough. She stood still in the midst of them, all gazing at her, with her hands clasped before her. For a moment she said nothing. The last drop of blood seemed to ebb from her brown cheeks. Then she raised her face upward, with a smile upon it. “The Lord God be praised,” she said. “He’s taken my lad before me.”

And when they brought to her the seat she had rejected, ‘Lizabeth allowed herself to be placed upon it. The extreme tension of both body and mind seemed to have relaxed. The look of tragic endurance left her face. A softened aspect of suffering, a kind of faint smile, like a wan sunbeam, stole over it. The moisture came to her strained eyes. “Gone? Is he gone at last? On the hillside was it?—in some wild corner, where none but God could be near, no his mother? And me that was dreading and dreading I would be taken first; for who would have patience like his mother? But after all, you know, neighbours, the father comes foremost; and God had more to do with him—more to do with him—than even me.”

“Take her away, Geoff,” said Sir Henry. The men were all overcome with this scene, and with the knowledge of what remained to be told.

Sir Henry was not easily moved, but there was something even in his throat which choked him. He could not bear it, though it was nothing to him. "Geoff, this is not a place to tell her all you have got to tell. Take her away—take her—to Lady Stanton."

"Nay, nay," she said; "it's my death-doom, but it's not like other sorrow. I know well what grief is. When I heard for certain my Lily was dead and gone, and me never to see her more! But this is not the same: it's my death, but I canna call it sorrow; not like the loss of a son. I'm glad too, if you understand that. Poor lad!—my Abel! Ay, ay; you'll not tell me but what God understands, and is more pitiful of His handiwork, say than the like of you or me."

"Come with me," said Geoff, taking her by the arm. "Come, and I will tell you everything, my poor 'Lizabeth. You know you have a friend in me."

"Ay, my young lord; but first let them write down what I've said, and let me put my name to it. All the more because he's dead and gone this day."

"Everything shall be done as you wish," said Geoff, anxiously; "but come with me—come with me—my poor woman; this is not a place for you."

"No," she said. She would not rise from her seat. She turned round to the table where Sir Henry sat and his clerk. "I must end my work now it's begun. I've another son, my kind gentlemen, and he will never forgive me if I do not end my work. Write it out and let me sign. I have but my Dick to think of now."

A thrill of horror ran through the little assembly: to tell her that he too was gone, who would dare to do it? John Musgrave, whom she had not seen, stood behind, and covered his face with his hands. Sir Henry, for all his steady nerves and unsympathetic mind, fell back in his chair with a low groan. Only young Geoff,

his features all quivering, the tears in his eyes, stood by her side.

"Humour her," he said. "Let her have her way. None of us at this moment surely could refuse her her way."

The lawyer nodded. He had a heart of flesh, and not of stone; and 'Lizabeth sat and waited, with her hands clasped together, her head a little raised, her countenance beyond the power of painting. Grief and joy mingled in it, and relief and anguish. Her eyes were dilated and wet, but she shed no tears; their very orbits seemed enlarged, and there was a quivering smile upon her mouth—a smile such as makes spectators weep. "Here I and sorrow sit." There was never a king worthy the name but would have felt his state as nothing in this presence. But there was no struggle in her now. She had yielded, and all was peace about her. She would have waited for days had it been necessary. That what she had begun should be ended was the one thing above all.

A man came hurriedly in as all the people present waited round, breathless and reverential for the completion of her testimony. Their business, whatever it was, was arrested by force of nature. The kind old Dogberry, from the village, who had been standing by John Musgrave's side, by way of guarding him, put up his hand to his forehead and made a rustic bow to his supposed prisoner. "I always knewed that was how it would turn out," he said, as he hobbled off—to which John Musgrave replied only by a faint smile, but stood still, as motionless as a picture, though all semblance of restraint had melted away. But while all waited thus reverentially, a sudden messenger came rushing in, and, addressing Sir Henry in a loud voice, announced that the coroner had sent him to make preparations for the inquest. "And he wants to know what time it will be most convenient for the jury to inspect the two bodies; and if

they are both in the same place; and if it's true."

There was a universal hush, at which the man stopped in amazement. Then his eye, guided by the looks of the others, fell upon the old woman in the chair. She had heard him, and she was roused. Her face turned towards him with a growing wonder. "She here! O Lord forgive me!" he cried, and fell back.

"Two bodies," she said. A shudder came over her. She got up slowly from her seat, and looked round upon them all. "Two—another, another! oh my unhappy lad!" She wrung her hands, and looked round upon them. "Maybe another house made desolate; maybe another woman—Will you tell me who the other was?"

Here the labouring man, who had been with Wild Bampfylde on the hillside, and who was standing by, suddenly succumbed to the strange horror and anguish of the moment. He burst out loudly into tears, crying like a child. "Oh, poor 'Lizabeth, poor 'Lizabeth!" he cried; he could not bear any more.

'Lizabeth looked at this man with the air of one awakening from a dream. Then she turned a look of inquiry upon those around her. No one would meet her eye. They shrank one behind another away from her, and more than one man burst forth into momentary weeping like the first, and some covered their faces in their hands. Even Geoff, sobbing like a child, turned away from her for a moment. She held out her hands to them with a pitiful cry, "Say it's not that, say it's not that!" she cried. The shrill scream of anguish ran through the house. It brought Lady Stanton, and all the women, shuddering from every corner. They all knew what it was and how it was. The mother! What more needed to be said? They came in and surrounded her, the frivolous girls, and the rough women from the kitchen, altogether, while the men stood about looking on. Not even Sir Henry could resist the passion of horror and sorrow which

had taken possession of the place. He cried with a voice all hoarse and trembling to take her away! take her away!

# CHAPTER XXXIX.

## THE TRAGEDY ENDS.

'LIZABETH BAMPFYLDE went on to Stanton that same afternoon, where the remains of her two sons were lying. But she would not go in Lady Stanton's carriage.

"Nay, nay—carriages were never made for me. I will walk, my lady. It's best for me, body and soul."

She had recovered herself after the anguish of that discovery. Before the sympathisers round her had ceased to sob, 'Lizabeth had raised herself up in the midst of them like an old tower. The storm had raged round her, but had not crushed her. Her face and even her lips had lost all trace of colour, her eyes were hollow and widened out in their sockets, like caves to hold the slow welling out of salt tears. There was a convulsive trembling now in the pose of her fine head, and in her hands; but her strength was not touched.

"Oh, how can you walk?" Lady Stanton said. "You are not able for it."

"I am able for anything it's God's pleasure to send," she said; "though it's little even He can do to me now." The women stood round her with pitiful looks, some of them weeping unrestrainedly; but the tears that 'Lizabeth shed, came one by one, slow gathering, rarely falling. She put on her red handkerchief over her cap again, with hands that were steady enough till that twitch of nervous movement took them. "It should be black," she said, with a half-smile; "ay, I should be a' black from head to foot, from head and foot, if there was one left to mind." Then she turned upon them with again her little stately curtsey. "I'm not a woman of many words, and ye may judge what heart I have to speak; but I thank ye all,"

and, with once more a kind of smile, she set out upon her way.

John Musgrave had been standing by; he had spoken to no one, not even to Lady Stanton, who, trembling with a consciousness that he was there, had not been able, in the presence of this great anguish, to think of any other. He, and his story, and his return, altogether, had been thrown entirely into the background by these other events. He came forward now, and followed 'Lizabeth out of the gate. "I am going with you," he said. The name "mother" was on his lips, but he dared not say it. She gave a slight glance at him, and recognised him. But if one had descended from heaven to accompany her, what would that have been to 'Lizabeth? It was as if they had parted yesterday.

"Ay," she said, then, after a pause, "it's you that has the best right."

The tragedy had closed very shortly after that penultimate chapter which ended with the death of Wild Bampfylde. When the carriage and its attendants arrived to remove him to Stanton, he was lying on Geoff's shoulder, struggling for his last breath. It was too late then to disturb the agony. The men stood about reverentially till the last gasp was over, then carried the vagrant tenderly to the foot of the hill, with a respect which no one had ever shown him before. One of the party, a straggler, who had strayed further up the dell, in the interval of waiting, saw traces above among the broken bushes, which made him call some of his comrades as soon as their first duty was done. And there on the little plateau, where Walter Stanton's body had been found fifteen years before, lay that of his murderer, the madman who had wrought so much misery. He was found lying across the stream as if he had stooped to drink, and had not been able to raise himself. The running water had washed all traces of murder from him. When they lifted him, with much precaution, not knowing whether his stillness might

mean a temporary swoon, or a feint of madness to beguile them, his pale marble countenance seemed a reproach to the lookers-on. Even with the aspect of his victim fresh in their eyes, the men could not believe that this had ever been a furious maniac or manslayer. One of them went to look for Geoff, and to arrest the progress of the other funeral procession. "There's another one, my lord," he said, "all torn and tattered in his clothes, but with the look of a king." And Geoff, notwithstanding his horror, could not but look with a certain awe, upon the worn countenance. It might have been that of a man worn with great labours, with thought, with the high musings of philosophy, or schemes of statesmanship. He was carried down and laid by the side of his brother whom he had killed. All the cottagers, the men from the fields, the passengers on the way, stood looking on, or followed the strange procession. Such a piece of news, as may be supposed, flew over the country like wild-fire. There was no family better known than the Bampfylde, notwithstanding their humble rank. The handsome Bampfylde: and here they had come to an end!

Old 'Lizabeth as she made her way to Stanton, was followed everywhere by the same atmosphere of sympathy. The women came out to their doors to look after her, and even strong men sobbed as she passed. What would become of her, poor lonely woman! She gave a great cry when she saw the two pale faces lying peacefully together. They were both men in the full prime of life, in the gravity of middle age, fully developed, strongly knit, men all formed for life, and full of its matured vigour. They lay side by side as they had lain when they were children. That one of them had taken the life of the other, who could have imagined possible? The poacher and vagrant looked like some great general nobly dead in battle—the madman like a sage. Death had redeemed them from their misery, their poverty, the

misfortunes which were greater than either. Their mother gave a great cry of anguish yet pride as she stood beside them. "My lads," she cried, "my two handsome lads, my bonny boys!" 'Lizabeth had come to that pass when words have no meaning to express the depths and the heights. What could a woman say who sees her sons stretched dead before her? She uttered one inarticulate wail of anguish, as a dumb creature might have done, and then, her overwrought soul reeling, tottered almost on the verge of reason, and she cried out in pride and agony, "My handsome lads! my bonny boys!"

"Come home with me," said John Musgrave. "We have made a bad business of it, 'Lizabeth, you and I. This is all our sacrifice has come to. Nothing left but your wreck of life and mine. But come home with me. Where I am, there will always be a place for Lily's mother. And there is little Lily still, and she will comfort you——"

"Eh! comfort me!" She smiled at the word. "Nay, I must go to my own house. I thank you, John Musgrave, and I do not deserve it at your hand. This fifteen years it has been me that has murdered you, not my lad yonder, not my Abel. What did he know? And I humbly beg your pardon, and your little bairns' pardon, on my knees—but nay, nay, I must go home. My own house—there is no other place for me."

They came round her and took her hands, and pleaded with her. Geoff too—and his mother with the tears streaming from her eyes. "Oh, my poor woman, my poor woman!" Lady Stanton cried, "stay here while *they* are here." But nothing moved 'Lizabeth. She made her little curtsey to them all, with that strange smile like a pale light wavering upon her face.

"Nay, nay," she said. "Nay, nay—I humbly thank my lady and my lord, and a' kind friends—but my own house, that is the only place for me."

"But you cannot go so far, if that

were all. You must be worn out with walking only—if there was nothing more——"

"Me—worn out!—with walking!" It was a kind of laugh which came from her dry throat. "Ay, very near—very near it—that will come soon if the Lord pleases. But good-day to you all, and my humble thanks, my lord and my lady—you're kind—kind to give them houseroom; till Friday—but they'll give no trouble, no trouble!" she said, with again that something which sounded like a laugh. Laughing or crying, it was all one to 'Lizabeth. The common modes of expression were garments too small for her soul.

"Stay only to-night—it will be dark long before you can be there. Stay to-night," they pleaded. She broke from them with a cry.

"I canna bide this, I canna bide it! I'm wanting the stillness of the fells, and the arms of them about me. Let me be—oh, let me be! There's a moon," she added, abruptly, "and dark or light, I'll never lose my way."

Thus they had to leave her to do as she pleased in the end. She would not eat anything or even sit down, but went out with her hood over her head into the gathering shadows. They stood watching her till the sound of her steps died out on the way—firm, steady, unfaltering steps. Life and death, and mortal anguish, and wearing care had done their worst upon old 'Lizabeth. She stood like a rock against them all.

She came down to the funeral on Friday as she had herself appointed, and saw her sons laid in their grave, and again she was entreated to remain. But even little Lillias, whom her father brought forward to aid the pleadings of the others, could not move her. "Honey-sweet!" she said, with a tender light in her eyes, but she had more room for the children when her heart was full of living cares. It was empty now, and there was no more room. A few weeks after, she was found dying peacefully in her bed, giving all kinds of

directions to her children. "Abel will have your father's watch, he aye wanted it from a baby—and Lily gets all my things, as is befitting. They will set her up for her wedding. And Dick, my little Dick, that has aye been the little one—who says I was not thinking of Dick? He's been my prop and my right hand when a' deserted me. The poor little house and the little bit of land, and a' his mother has—who should they be for, but Dick?" Thus she died tranquilly, seeing them all round her; and all that was cruel and bitter in the lot of the Bampfylde came to an end.

#### CHAPTER XL.

##### CONCLUSION.

JOHN MUSGRAVE settled down without any commotion into his natural place in his father's house. The old Squire himself mended from the day when Nello, very timid, but yet brave to repress the signs of his reluctance, was brought into his room. He played with the child as if he had been a child himself, and so grew better day by day, and got out of bed again, and save for a little dragging of one leg as he limped along, brought no external sign of his "stroke" out of his sick-room. But he wrote no more Monographs, studied no more. His life had come back to him as the Syrian lord in the Bible got back his health after his leprosy—"like the flesh of a little child." The Squire recovered after a while the power of taking his part in a conversation, and looked more venerable than ever with his faded colour and subdued forces. But his real life was all with little Nello, who by and by got quite used to his grandfather, and lorded it over him as children so often do. When the next summer came, they went out together, the Squire generally in a wheeled chair, Nello walking, or riding by his side on the pony his grandpapa had given him. There was no doubt now as to who was heir. When Randolph came

to Penninghame, after spending a day and a half in vain researches for Nello—life having become too exciting at that moment at the Castle to leave any one free to send word of the children's safety—he found all doubt and notion of danger over for John—and he himself established for ever in his natural place. Whether the Squire had forgotten everything in his illness, or whether he had understood the story which Mary took care to repeat two or three times very distinctly by his bedside no one knew. But he never objected to John's presence, made no question about him—accepted him as if he had been always there. Absolutely as if there had been no breach in the household existence at all, the eldest son took his place; and that Nello was the heir was a thing beyond doubt in any reasonable mind. This actual settlement of all difficulties had already come about when Randolph came. His father took no notice of him, and John, who thought it was his brother's fault that his little son had been so unkindly treated, found it difficult to afford Randolph any welcome. He did not however want any welcome in such circumstances. He stayed for a single night, feeling himself coldly looked upon by all. Mr. Pen, who spent half his time at the Castle, more than any one turned a cold shoulder upon his brother clergyman.

"You felt it necessary that the child should go to school quite as much as I did," Randolph said, on the solitary occasion when the matter was discussed.

"Yes, but not to any school," the vicar said. "I would rather—" he paused for a sufficiently strong image, but it was hard to find. "I would rather—have got up at six o'clock every day, and sacrificed everything—rather than have exposed Nello to the life he had there—and you who are a father yourself."

"Yes; but my boy has neither a girl's name nor a girl's want of courage. He is not a baby that would

flinch at the first rough word. I did not know the nature of the thing," said Randolph, with a sneer. "I have no acquaintance with any but straightforward and manly ways."

The Vicar followed him out in righteous wrath. He produced from his pocket a hideous piece of pink paper.

"Do you know who sent this?" he asked.

Randolph looked at it, taken aback, and tried to bluster forth an expression of wonder—

"I—how should I know?"

"What did you mean by it?" cried the gentle Vicar, in high excitement; "did you think I did not know my duty? Did you think I was a cold-blooded reptile like—like the man that sent that? Do you think it was in me to betray my brother? I know nothing bad enough for him who made such a suggestion. And he nearly gained his point. The devil knows what tools to work with. He works with the weakness of good people as well as with the strength of bad," cried mild Mr. Pen, inspired for once in his life with righteous indignation. "Judas did it himself at least, bad as he was. He did not whisper treason in a man's ears nor in a woman's heart."

"I don't know what you mean," said Randolph, with guilt in his face.

"Not all, no; fortunately you don't know, nor any one else, the trouble you might have made. But no less, though it never came to pass, was it that traitor's fault."

"When you take to speaking riddles I give it up," said Randolph, shrugging his shoulders.

But Mr. Pen was so hot in moral force that he was glad to get away. He slept one night under his father's roof, no one giving him much attention, and then went away, never to return again; but went back to his believing wife, too good a fate, who smoothed him down and healed all his wounds. "My husband is like most people who struggle to do their duty," she said. "His brother was very un-

grateful, though Randolph had done so much for him. And the little boy, who had been dreadfully spoiled, ran away from the school when he had cost my husband so much trouble. And even his sister Mary showed him no kindness; that is the way when a man is so disinterested as Randolph, doing all he can for his own family, for their real good."

And this, at the end, came to be what Randolph himself thought.

Mrs. Pen, after coming home hysterical from Elfdale, made a clean breast to her husband, and showed him the telegram, and confessed all her apprehensions for him. What could a man do but forgive the folly or even wickedness done for his sweet sake? And Mrs. Pen went through a few dreadful hours, when in the morning John Musgrave came back from his night journey and the warrant was put in force. If they should hang him what would become of her? She always believed afterwards that it was her William's intervention which had saved John, and she never believed in John's innocence, let her husband say what he would. For Mrs. Pen said wisely that wherever there is smoke there must be fire, and it was no use telling her that Lord Stanton had not been killed; for it was in the last edition of the *Fellshire History* and therefore it must be true.

When all was over Sir Henry and Lady Stanton made a formal visit of congratulation at Penninghame. Sir Henry told John that it had been a painful necessity to issue the warrant, but that a man must do his duty whatever it is; and as, under Providence, this was the means of making everything clear, he could not regret that he had done it now. Lady Stanton said nothing, or next to nothing. She talked a little to Mary, making stray little remarks about the children, and drawing Nello to her side. Lillias she was afraid of, with those great eyes. Was that child to be Geoff's wife? she thought. Ah! how much better had he been the kind young husband who

should have delivered her own Annie or Fanny. This little girl would want nothing of the kind; her father would watch over her, he would let no one meddle with her, not like a poor woman with a hard husband and stepdaughters. She trembled a little when she put her hand into John's. She looked at him with moisture in her eyes.

"I have always believed in you, always hoped to see you here again," she said.

"Come, Mary, the carriage is waiting," said Sir Henry. He said after that this was all that was called for, and here the intercourse between the two houses dropped. Mary could not help "taking an interest" in John Musgrave still, but what did it matter? everybody took an interest in him now.

As for Geoff he became, as he had a way of doing, the son of the house at Penninghame; even the old Squire took notice of his kind, cheerful young face. He neglected Elfdale and his young cousins, and even Cousin Mary whom he loved. But it was not to be supposed that John Musgrave would allow a series of love passages to go on indefinitely for years between his young neighbour and his daughter Liliias, as yet not quite thirteen years old. The young man was sent away after a most affecting parting, not to return for three years. Naturally Lady Stanton rebelled much, she who had kept her son at home during all his life; but what could she do? Instead of struggling vainly she took the wiser part, and though it was a trial to tear herself from Stanton and all the servants, who were so kind, and the household which went upon wheels, upon velvet, and gave her no trouble, she made up her mind to it, and took her maid and Benson and Mr. Tritton and went "abroad" too. What it is to go abroad when a lady is middle-aged and has a grown-up son and such an establishment! but she did it: "for I shall not have him very long," she said with a sigh.

Liliias was sixteen when Geoff came home. Can any one doubt that the child had grown up with her mind full of the young hero who had acted so great a part in her young life? When the old Squire died and Nello went to school, a very different school from Mr. Swan's, the idea of "Mr. Geoff" became more and more her companion. It was not love, perhaps, in the ordinary meaning of the word; Liliias did not know what that meant. Half an elder brother, half an enchanted prince, more than half a hero of romance, he wove himself with every story and every poem that was written, to Liliias. He it was and no Prince Ferdinand whom Miranda thought so fair. It was he who slew all the dragons and giants, and delivered whole dungeons full of prisoners. Her girlhood was somewhat lonely, chiefly because of this soft mist of semi-betrothal which was about her. Not only was she already a woman though a child, but a woman separated from others, a bride doubly virginal because he was absent to whom all her thoughts were due. "What if he should forget her?" Mary Musgrave would say, alarmed. She thought it neither safe nor right for the child who was the beauty and flower of Penninghame, as she herself had been, though in so different a way. Mary now had settled down as the lady of Penninghame, as her brother was its lawful lord. John was not the kind of man to make a second marriage, even if, as his sister sometimes fancied, his first had but little satisfied his heart. But of this he said nothing, thankful to be able at the end to redeem some portion of the life thus swallowed up by one of those terrible but happily rare mistakes, which are no less wretched than they are half divine. He had all he wanted now in his sister's faithful companionship and in his children. There is no more attractive household than that in which, after the storms of life, a brother and sister set up peacefully together the old household gods, never

dispersed, which were those of their youth. Mary was a little more careful, perhaps, of her niece, a little more afraid of the troubles in her way than if she had been her daughter. She watched Liliás with great anxiety, and read between the lines of Geoff's letters with vague scrutiny, looking always for indications of some change.

Liliás was sixteen in the end of October, the third after the previous events recorded here. She had grown to her full height, and her beauty had a dreamy, poetical touch from the circumstances, which greatly changed the natural expression appropriate to the liquid dark eyes and noble features she had from her mother and her mother's mother. Her eyes were less brilliant than they would have been had they not looked so far away, but they were more sweet. Her brightness altogether was tempered and softened, and kept within that modesty of childhood, to which her youthful age really belonged, though nature and life had developed her more than her years. Though she was grown up she kept many of her childish ways, and still sat, as Mary had always done, at the door of the old hall, now wonderfully decorated and restored, but yet the old hall still. The two ladies shared it between them for all their hours of leisure, but Mary had given up her seat at the door to the younger inhabitant, partly because she loved to see Liliás there with the sun upon her, partly because she herself began to feel the cool airs of the north less halcyon than of old. The books that Liliás carried with her were no longer fairy tales, but maturer enchantments of poetry. And there she sat absorbed in verse, and lost to all meaner de-

lights on the eve of her birthday, a soft air ruffling the little curls on her forehead, the sun shining upon her uncovered head. Liliás loved the sun. She was not afraid of it nor of her complexion, and the sun of October is not dangerous. She had a hand up to shade the book which was too dazzling in the light, but nothing to keep the golden light from her. She sat warm and glorified in the long, slanting, dazzling rays.

Mary had heard a horse's hoofs, and, being a little restless, came forward softly from her seat behind to see who it was; but Liliás, lost in the poetry and the sunshine, heard nothing.

"She wept with pity and delight,  
She blushed with love and virgin shame,  
And, like the murmur of a dream,  
I heard her breathe my name.

"Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,  
As conscious of my look she stepped—  
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,  
She fled to me and wept."

Mary saw what Liliás did not see, the horseman at the foot of the slope. He looked and smiled, and signed to her over the lovely head in the sunshine. He was brown, and ruddy with health and travel, his eyes shining, his breath coming quick. Three years! as long as a lifetime—but it was over. Suddenly, "Lily—my little Lily," he cried, unable to keep silence more.

She sprang to her feet, like a startled deer; the book fell from her hands; her eyes gave a great gleam and flash, and softened in the golden light of sunset and tenderness. The poetry or the life, which was the most sweet? "Yes, Mr. Geoff," she said.

THE END.

## MODERN LIFE AND INSANITY.

THE relation between modern civilized life and insanity cannot be regarded as finally determined while a marked difference of opinion exists in regard to it among those who have studied the subject; nor can this difference be wondered at by any one who has examined the data upon which a conclusion must be formed, and has found how difficult it is to decide in which direction some of the evidence points. Statistics alone may prove utterly fallacious. Mere speculation, on the other hand, is useless, and indeed is only misleading. It is a matter on which it is tempting to write dogmatically, but where the honest inquirer is quickly pulled up by the hard facts that force themselves on his attention. Nothing easier than to indulge in unqualified denunciations of modern society; nothing more difficult than a cautious attempt to connect the social evils of the present day with the statistics of lunacy. Nothing easier than to make sweeping statements without proof, nothing more difficult than to apportion the mental injury respectively caused by opposite modes of life; totally diverse social states of a nation often leading to the same termination—insanity. These are closely bound together in the complex condition of modern civilized society. No doubt if we care for truth, and avoid rash assertions, we do it at the expense of a certain loss of force and incisiveness. Dogmatic statements usually produce more effect than carefully-balanced and strictly logical positions. Honesty, however, compels us to speak cautiously, and to confess the difficulties to which we have referred.

We shall not enter at length into the question which is at once raised by an inquiry into the relation between

modern life and insanity—whether lunacy is on the increase in England. Twenty years ago there was one lunatic or idiot officially reported to 577 of the population; the latest returns place it as high as one in 370. Were we to go further back, the contrast would be far greater. That the increase of known cases of insanity has been very great, no one, therefore, disputes. Further, that the attention paid to the disease; the provision made for the insane; the prolongation of their lives in asylums, and the consequent accumulation of cases, and other circumstances into which our limits forbid us to enter, account for the greater part of this alarming apparent increase, is certain. Whether, however, there is not also an actual increase, unaccounted for by population, or by accumulation, remains an open question, which statistics do not absolutely determine. At the same time we think that it is quite probable that there has been some real increase.

To what social class do the great mass of our lunatics belong, and to what grade of society does the striking apparent increase of the insane point? The large majority of lunatics under legal restraint undoubtedly belong to the pauper population. On the 1st of January, 1877, of the total number of patients in asylums and elsewhere (in round numbers 66,600), about 59,000 were pauper, and only 7,600 private patients. These figures, however, fail to convey a correct statement of the relative amount of insanity existing among the class of the originally poor and uneducated masses and the class above them, because in a considerable number of instances members of the middle and still higher classes have become paupers. Again, the wealthy insane remain very frequently at home,

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and do not appear in the official returns. We believe this class to be very large. Probably we get a glimpse of it from the census of 1871, which contained 69,000 lunatics, idiots, and imbeciles (and we have good reasons for knowing that this return was very far short of the truth), yet it exceeded the number given by the Lunacy Commissioners in the same year by 12,000! A large number no doubt lived with their families because these could well afford to keep them at home. None would be in receipt of relief, or they would have appeared in the Commissioners' Report. Another most important qualifying consideration remains—the *relative numbers of the classes of society from which the poor and the well-to-do lunatics are derived*. Several years ago the Scotch Commissioners estimated the classes from which private patients are derived at only about an eighth of the entire population of Scotland; a proportion which would make them at least as relatively numerous as the pauper lunatics. No doubt in England the corresponding class of society is a larger one; but whatever it may be,<sup>1</sup> a calculation based upon the relative proportion of different social strata in this country would vastly reduce the apparent enormously different liability to insanity among the well to-do and the poorer sections of the community, although, with this correction, the pauper lunatics would still be relatively in the majority.

The disparity between the absolute number of pauper and private patients has greatly increased in recent years. In other words, the apparent increase

of insanity is mainly marked among those who become pauper patients. This is certainly in great measure accounted for by the disproportionate accumulation of cases in pauper asylums, for reasons into which it is not now needful to enter. It assuredly does not prove that there has been anything like a corresponding growth of insanity among the poor as compared with the rich.

In any case, however, the illiterate population does yield a very serious amount of insanity, and the fact is so patent that it shows beyond a doubt that ignorance is no proof against the inroads of the disease. The absence of rational employment of the mental powers may lead to debasing habits and to the indulgence in vices especially favourable to insanity, less likely to attract a mind occupied with literary and scientific pursuits. No doubt mental stagnation is in itself bad, but the insanity arising out of it is more frequently an indirect than a direct result. If a Wiltshire labourer is more liable to insanity than other people, it may be not merely because his mind is in an uncultivated condition, but rather because his habits,<sup>2</sup> indirectly favoured by his ignorance, and the brain he inherited from parents indulging in like habits, tend to cause mental derangement. It is conceivable that he might have had no more mental cultivation, and yet have been so circumstanced that there would have been very little liability to the disease. This distinction is extremely important if we are tracing causes, however true it would remain that ignorance is a great evil. A South Sea islander might be much more ignorant than the Wiltshire labourer and yet not be so circumstanced that he would be likely to transgress the laws of mental health. The ignorance of an African tribe and that of a village in Wilts

<sup>1</sup> We are informed by Dr. Farr that the proportion between the upper and middle classes on the one hand, and the lower classes on the other, is as 15 to 85. Calculated on this basis, the proportion of private and pauper lunatics to their respective populations would be 1 in 484 for the former, and 1 in 353 for the latter—a very different result from that obtained by the usual method of calculating the ratio of private and pauper lunatics to the whole population, viz., 1 in 3,231, and 1 in 415.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Thurnam, the late superintendent of the Wilts County Asylum, found that the proportion of cases caused by drink in this county was very high—in one year (1872) amounting to 34 per cent.

may be associated, the one with very little, the other with very much lunacy. Mr. Bright's "residuum" of a civilized people, and a tribe of North American Indians are alike uneducated, but, notwithstanding, present totally different conditions of life. We have no doubt that in a civilized community there will always be found by far the larger number of insane persons. There are three grand reasons for this. First, because those who do become insane or are idiotic among savages, "go to the wall" as a general rule; the other reasons are to be discovered in the mixed character and influence of European civilization; its action on the one hand in evolving forms of mental life of requisite delicacy and sensibility, easily injured or altogether crushed by the rough blasts from which they cannot escape in life; and on the other hand in producing a state confounded, as we have said, with savagery, but which differs widely from it, and is, simply in relation to mental disorders, actually worse. Recklessness, drunkenness, poverty, misery, characterise the class; and no wonder that from such a source spring the hopelessly incurable lunatics who crowd our pauper asylums, to the horror of ratepayers, and the surprise of those who cannot understand why the natives of Madagascar, though numbering about 5,000,000, do not require a single lunatic asylum. We may add that they do not destroy the few insane and idiots which they have.

It is constantly forgotten that while there is nothing better than true civilization, there is something worse than the condition of certain savages, and that almost anything is better than that stratum of civilized society which is squalid, and drunken, and sensual; cursed with whatever of evil the ingenuity of civilized man has invented, but not blessed with the counteracting advantages of civilization. The conclusion, so far from damping the efforts of progress and modern developments of science, should stimulate us to improve the

moral and physical condition of this class and so lessen the dangers to mental disorder among them. The belief that savages are free from some of the insanity-producing causes prevalent in modern civilized England is quite consistent with the position taken in this article that education, ample mental occupation, knowledge, and the regularly trained exercise of the faculties exert a highly beneficial influence upon the mind, and thus fortify it against the action of some of the causes of insanity.

The relative liability of manufacturing and agricultural districts to mental disease has excited much discussion. This has partly arisen from the assumption that the latter may be taken as the representatives of savages. As we have shown this to be false, the comparison between these two districts does not, from this point of view, possess any value. On other grounds, however, it would be very interesting to determine whether urban or rural lunacy is most rife. Here, however, the worthlessness of mere statistics is singularly evidenced, and the difficulty of accurately balancing the weight of various qualifying circumstances becomes more and more apparent. An agricultural county may be found here and there with less lunacy than a manufacturing county, but if a group of counties be taken in which the manufacturing element is greatly beyond the average, and another group in which the agricultural element greatly preponderates, we find 1 lunatic to 463 of the county population in the former, and 1 to 388 in the latter, showing an accumulation of more insane paupers in the agricultural districts. But it is very possible that if we knew how many become insane, the result would be very different indeed. This, in fact, has been found to be the case in Scotland, where the Lunacy Commissioners have taken great pains to arrive at the real truth. In a recent Report it is shown that while three Highland counties have, in proportion to the

population, a decidedly heavier persistent burden of pauper lunacy than two manufacturing counties which are chosen for comparison, the number of lunatics receiving relief—that is, actually coming under treatment—is proportionally larger in the latter than in the former. In other words, the proportion of fresh cases of pauper lunacy appearing on the poor-roll is higher in urban than rural districts. The Commissioners refer this result partly to the greater prevalence of the active and transitory forms of mental disorder—cases which before long are discharged—and partly to the greater facility of obtaining accommodation in an asylum free of charge in a city, from its being at hand; and the greater wealth of the urban districts offering no obstacle to admission. They attribute the above-mentioned persistent rural lunacy chiefly to the constant migration of the strong from the rural to the urban districts; the necessary exodus of the physically and mentally healthy leaving behind an altogether disproportionate number of congenital idiots, imbeciles, and chronic insane in the agricultural counties. Hence, returning to England, it is quite clear that the mere ratio of accumulated pauper lunacy to the county population, which is constantly relied upon, proves little or nothing as to the relative liability to insanity of the agricultural and manufacturing districts. One conclusion only can be safely drawn from such figures, until minute investigations have been made into the circumstances attending rural and urban lunacy in England as has been done in Scotland—namely, that while theory is apt to say that a country life, passed, as it seems to be supposed, in pastoral simplicity, will not admit of the entrance of madness into the happy valley, fact says that whatever may be the ultimate verdict as to the relative proportion of urban and rural lunacy, a large amount of insanity and idiocy does exist in the country districts, and that the dull swain, with

clouded shoon, but too frequently finds his way into the asylum.

A glance at the annual reports of our lunatic asylums reveals the main occupations of the inmates and the apparent causes of their attacks. In a county asylum like Wilts the great majority of patients are farm labourers, with their wives and daughters; and next in order, domestic servants and weavers. The number of farmers, or members of their families, is small. The character of the occupations in the population of an asylum like that for the borough of Birmingham of course differs. Here we find mechanics and artisans heading the list, with their wives. Those engaged in domestic occupation form a large number. Shopkeepers and clerks come next in order. In both asylums are to be found a few governesses and teachers. Innkeepers, themselves the cause of so much insane misery in others, figure sparingly in these tables.

Among the causes, intemperance unmistakably takes the lead. This is one of those facts which, amid much that is open to difference of opinion, would seem to admit of no reasonable doubt. Secondly follows domestic trouble, and thirdly poverty. At the Birmingham Asylum, out of 470 admissions in three years, 11 cases were attributed to "over application"—a proportion much lower than that observed in private asylums.

Recently, Mr. Whitcombe, assistant medical officer at the Birmingham Borough Asylum, has done good service by publishing the fact that, during the last twenty five years, out of 3,800 pauper patients admitted into that asylum, 524, or 14 per cent, had their malady induced by drink, and that the total expenditure thus caused by intemperance amounted, in maintenance and cost of building, &c., to no less than 50,373*l.* during that period.

Some years ago we calculated the percentage of cases caused by intemperance in the asylums of England, and found it to be about

twelve. This proportion would be immensely increased were we to add those in which domestic misery and pecuniary losses owed their origin to this vice. Although ratepayers grumble about the building of large lunatic asylums, it is amazing how meekly they bear with the great cause of their burden, and how suicidally they resent any attempt made to reduce by legislation the area of this widespread and costly mischief.

It is worthy of note that drink produces much less insanity in Warwickshire outside Birmingham than in Birmingham itself.

In connection with this aspect of the question, an interesting fact, recorded by Dr. Yellowlees, when superintendent of the Glamorgan County Asylum, may be mentioned: that during a "strike" of nine months, the male admissions fell to half their former number, the female admissions being almost unaffected. "The decrease is doubtless mainly due to the fact that there is no money to spend in drink and debauchery." High wages, however, would be infinitely better than strikes, if the money were spent in good food, house-rent, and clothing.

The diet of the children of factory operatives in Lancashire points to one source of mental degeneration among that class. Dr. Fergusson, of Bolton, gave important evidence not long ago which indicated the main cause of their debility and stunted development, whether or not they are worse now than they were. He does not consider that factory labour in itself operates prejudicially, and reports the mills to be more healthy to work in now than they were in years past. The prime cause producing the bad physical condition of the factory population is, in his opinion, the intemperate habits of the factory workers. By free indulgence in stimulants and in smoking, the parents debilitate their own constitutions, and transmit feeble ones to their

children. Instead of rearing them on milk after they are weaned, they give them tea or coffee in a morning, and in too many instances they feed them upon tea three times a day. In short, they get very little milk.

Mr. Redgrave, the Senior Inspector of Factories, does not consider that this miserable state of things has increased—we hope not—but he admits that more women are employed in the mills than formerly, and that this is most disastrous to the training of children. Some curious figures have been published, showing the weight of children at various years of age in the factory and agricultural districts, the comparison being greatly in favour of the latter.

Another cause of deterioration mentioned is that at least one half of the boys in the mills from twelve to twenty years of age either smoke or chew tobacco, or do both; a habit most prejudicial to the healthy development of the nervous system. It was recently observed by Mr. Mundella that the lad who began at eight years of age in a mine without education, and who was associated with men whose whole ambition was a gallon of beer and a bull dog, was not likely to grow up to be a Christian and a gentleman. We may add he would be very likely to end his days either in a prison or in a pauper asylum. It is observed in a recent report of the Royal Edinburgh Asylum that "such coal and iron mining counties as Durham and Glamorgan produce, in twice the proportion we do, the most marked and fatal of all the brain diseases caused by excesses." It may be stated that the relation between crime and insanity, especially weak mindedness, is one of the most intimate character, both in regard to the people who commit criminal acts and their descendants. Our examination of the mental condition of convicts, and of their physiognomy and cerebral development, has long convinced us that a large number of this class are mentally deficient; sometimes from birth;

at other times their mental development being arrested by their wretched bringing up. From the reports of the English convict prisons generally, it appears that 1 in every 25 of the males is of weak mind, insane, or epileptic, without including those sufficiently insane to be removed to an asylum. The resident surgeon to the general prison of Scotland at Perth (Mr. Thompson) gives a proportion of twelve per cent; founded upon a prison population of 6,000 prisoners.

Having referred to the bearing of the habits of one large portion of the population upon the manufacture of insanity, we pass on to the consideration of the relation between higher grades of modern society and mental disorder. It has been observed in institutions into which private and pauper patients are admitted, that the moral or psychological causes of lunacy are more frequently the occasion of the attack with the former than the latter class. This is not always accounted for—as might have been expected—by there having been less drink-produced insanity among the well-to-do patients; for in the Royal Edinburgh Asylum, where this disparity strongly comes out, there is even a higher percentage of insanity from this cause among the private than the pauper lunatics. The history of the daily mode of life of many members of the Stock Exchange would reveal, in the matter of diet, an amount of alcoholic imbibition in the form of morning “nips,” wine at luncheon, and at dinner, difficult to realise by many of less porous constitutions, and easily explaining the disastrous results which in many instances follow, sooner or later, as respects disturbances of the nervous system, in one form or other. In fact, by the time dinner is due, the stomach is in despair, and its owner finds it necessary to goad a lost appetite by strong pickles and spirits, ending with black coffee and some liqueur. When either dyspepsia or over business work is set down as the cause of the

insanity of such individuals, it should be considered what influence the amount of alcohol imbibed has exerted upon the final catastrophe as well as the assigned cause. But whatever may be the relative amount of insanity produced among the affluent and the poor, of this there can be no doubt, that certain mental causes of lunacy, as over-study and business worry, produce more insanity among the upper than the lower classes. We have examined the statistics of six asylums in England for private patients only, and have found this to be the case. At one such institution, Ticehurst, Sussex, we find, from statistics kindly furnished us by Dr. Newington, that out of 266 admissions, 29 were referred to over study, and 18 to over business work. Only 28 were referred to intemperance. Allowing a liberal margin for the tendency of friends to refer the disease to the former rather than the latter class, the figures remain striking, as pointing to the influence of so-called over-work. We say “so-called” because there is an apparent and fictitious as well as a real over-work. Both, however, may terminate in nervous disorder. Over-work is often confounded with the opposite condition—want of occupation. Civilization and mental strain are regarded by many as identical, and in consequence much confusion is caused in the discussion of the present question. It is forgotten that an idle life, leading to hysteria and to actual insanity, is much more likely to be the product of civilization than of savagery or barbarism. This is quite consistent with the other truth, that without civilization we do not see evolved a certain high pressure, also injurious to mental health. A London physician, Dr. Wilks, when speaking of a common class of cases, young women without either useful occupation or amusements, in whom the moral nature becomes perverted, in addition to the derangement of the bodily health, observes that the

mother's sympathies too often only foster her daughter's morbid proclivities, by insisting on her delicacy and the necessity of various artificial methods for her restoration. It is obvious that such a case as this is the very child of a highly-organized society, that is, of a high state of civilization, and yet that such a young lady is not the victim of high pressure or mental strain in her own person, although it is certainly possible that she may inherit a susceptible brain from an over-worked parent. However, the remedy is work, not rest; occupation, not idleness. We certainly do not want to make her more refined or artificial, but more natural, and to occupy herself with some really useful work. A luxurious idle life is her curse. That insanity itself, as well as mere hysteria, is developed by such a mode of existence, we fully believe. The mind, although not uneducated, deteriorates for want of either healthy intellectual excitement, the occupation of business, or the necessary duties of a family. Life must have an aim, although to achieve it there ought not to be prolonged worry.

In the same way there is the lady instanced who eats no breakfast, takes a glass of sherry at eleven o'clock, and drinks tea all the afternoon, and who, "when night arrives, has been ready to engage in any performance to which she may have been invited." Clearly she is the product of a highly artificial mode of life, found in the midst of modern civilization. She is certainly not suffering from mental strain; at the same time she is the outcome of the progress from barbarism and the hardy forms of early national life to our present complex social condition. We have particularly inquired into cases coming under our own observation in regard to the alleged influence of over-work, and have found it a most difficult thing to distinguish between it and other maleficent agents which, on close observation, were often found to be associated with it. We do not now refer to

the circumstances which almost always attach themselves to mental fatigue, as sleeplessness, but to those which have no necessary relation to them, as vice. Here we have felt bound to attribute the attack to both causes, certainly as much to the latter as the former. In some cases, on the other hand, we could not doubt that long continued severe mental labour was the efficient cause of derangement. In a large proportion of other cases we satisfied ourselves that over-work meant not only mental strain, but the anxiety and harass which arose out of the work in which a student or literary man was engaged. The over-work connected with business, also largely associated with anxiety, proved a very tangible factor of insanity. Indeed it is always sure to be a more tangible factor of mental disease than over-work from study, because of the much greater liability to its invasion during the business period of brain life, than the study period. At Bethlem Hospital, Dr. Savage finds that there are many cases in which over-work causes a break down, "especially if associated with worry and money troubles." Among the women, the cases are few in number. In one, where there was probably hereditary tendency, an examination, followed in two days by an attack of insanity, may be regarded as the exciting cause. Monotonous work long continued would seem to exert an unfavourable influence on the mind. Letter-sorting, short-hand writing, and continuous railway travelling are instanced. If diversified, hard work is much less likely to prove injurious. During a year and a half twenty men and eight women were admitted whose attacks were attributed to over-work. The employments of architect, surveyor, accountant, schoolmaster, policeman, and bootmaker were here represented. Seven were clerks, two of whom were law-writers; two were students, one being "an Oxford man who had exhausted himself in getting a double first, and the other a medical student preparing

for his second college." Of the women, five were teachers, one a school-girl, and two dressmakers. Three of the teachers were in elementary schools, one a governess and the other a teacher of music and languages. If over-work alone did not, strictly speaking, cause the mental breakdown, still the concomitants must be blamed for these melancholy results.

A late medical officer to Rugby School (Dr. Farquharson), in defending that institution from a charge of injury in the direction of which we now speak, considers that instances of mental strain are more common at the universities, "for not only are the young men at a more sensitive period of life, but they naturally feel that to many of them this is the great opportunity—the great crisis of their existence—and that their success or failure will now effectually make or mar their career. Here the element of anxiety comes into play, sleep is disturbed, exercise neglected, digestion suffers, and the inevitable result follows of total collapse, from which recovery is slow and perhaps never complete."—(*Lancet*, Jan. 1, 1876.) He thinks he has seen an increase of headaches and nervous complaints among poor children since compulsory attendance at Board Schools was adopted, and records a warning against too suddenly forcing the minds of wretchedly-feeble, ill-fed and ill-housed children, and against attempts to make bricks too rapidly out of the straw which is placed in our hands.

The psychological mischief done by excessive cramming both in excess schools and at home is sufficiently serious to show that the reckless course pursued in many instances ought to be loudly protested against. As we write, four cases come to our knowledge of girls seriously injured by this folly and unintentional wickedness. In one, the brain is utterly unable to bear the burden put upon it, and the pupil is removed from school in a highly excitable

state; in another, epileptic fits have followed the host of subjects pressed upon the scholar; in the third, the symptoms of brain fog have become so obvious that the amount of schooling has been greatly reduced; and in a fourth, fits have been induced and complete prostration of brain has followed. These cases are merely illustrations of a class, coming to hand in one day, familiar to most physicians. The enormous number of subjects which are forced into the curriculum of some schools and are required by some professional examinations, confuse and distract the mind, and by lowering its healthy tone often unfit it for the world. While insanity may not directly result from this stuffing, and very likely will not, exciting causes of mental disorder occurring in later life may upset a brain which, had it been subjected to more moderate pressure would have escaped unscathed. Training in its highest sense is forgotten in the multiplicity of subjects, originality is stunted and individual thirst of knowledge overlaid by a crowd of novel theories based upon yet unproved statements. Mr. Brudenell Carter, in his *Influence of Education and Training in Preventing Diseases of the Nervous System*, speaks of a large public school in London, from which boys of ten to twelve years of age carry home tasks which would occupy them till near midnight, and of which the rules and laws of study are so arranged as to preclude the possibility of sufficient recreation. The teacher in a High School says that the host of subjects on which parents insist instruction being given to their children is simply preposterous, and disastrous alike to health and to real steady progress in necessary branches of knowledge. The other day we met an examiner in the street with a roll of papers consisting of answers to questions. He deplored the fashion of the day; the number of subjects crammed within a few years of growing life; the character of the questions which were frequently asked; and

the requiring a student to master, at the peril of being rejected, scientific theories, and crude speculations, which they would have to unlearn in a year or two. He sincerely pitied the unfortunate students. During the last year or two the public have been startled by the suicides which have occurred on the part of young men preparing for examination at the University of London; and the press has spoken out strongly on the subject. Notwithstanding this the authorities appear to be disposed to increase instead of diminish the stringency of some of the examinations. The *Lancet* has recently protested against this course in regard to the preliminary scientific M.B. of the London University, and points out that the average of candidates who fail at this examination is already about forty per cent, and that these include many of the best students. This further raising of the standard will, it is maintained, make a serious addition to the labours of the industrious student who desires the M.D. degree. Whether this particular instance is or is not a fair example, we must say, judging from others, that it seems to be thought that the cubic capacity of the British skull undergoes an extraordinary increase every few years, and that therefore for our young students more subjects must be added to fill up the additional space.

The master of a private school informs us that he has proof of the ill effects of over-work in the fact of boys being withdrawn from the keen competition of a public school career, which was proving injurious to their health, and sent to him, that they might in the less ambitious atmosphere of a private school pick up health and strength again. He refers to instances of boys who had been crammed and much pressed in order that they might enter a certain form or gain a desired exhibition, having reached the goal successfully, and then stagnated. He says that the too extensive curriculum now demanded ends

in the impossibility of doing the work thoroughly and well. You must either force unduly or not advance as you would wish to do; the former does injury, and the latter causes dissatisfaction.

Of mental stagnation among the poor we have already spoken; an analogous condition among the well-to-do classes, not to be confounded with that of the young lady already described as seen in the London physician's consulting-room, deserves a passing observation. Excessive activity and excessive dullness may lead to the same dire result. Hence both conditions must be recognised as factors in the causation of mental disease. We have said that the indirect action of the latter is more powerful than its direct action, but there are no doubt cases of insanity which arise from the directly injurious influence of intellectual inactivity. The intelligence is inert; the range of ideas extremely limited; the mind broods upon some trivial circumstance until it becomes exaggerated into a delusion; the mind feeds upon itself, and is hyper-sensitive and suspicious, or it may become absorbed in some morbid religious notions which at last exert a paramount influence and induce religious depression or exaltation. From the immediate surroundings of the individual, whether in connection with parental training or from ecclesiastical or theological influences, or perhaps a solitary condition of life, there may be a dangerously restricted area of psychical activity. Prejudices of various kinds hamper the free play of thought; the buoyancy of the man's nature is destroyed; its elasticity broken; its strength weakened; and it is in fine reduced to a state in which it is a prey to almost any assertion however monstrous, if placed before it with the solemn sanctions which from education, habit, or predilection it is accustomed to reverence. Fantastic scruples and religious delusions frequently spring up in this soil. Such persons have been saved from the

evils of drunkenness and vice; they have also been sheltered from worry and excitement, yet, to the astonishment of many, they become the inmates of a lunatic asylum. They have in truth escaped the Scylla of dissipation or drink, only to be shipwrecked on the Charybdis of a dreary monotony of existence. On this barren rock not a very few doubtless perish, and if parents they transmit to a posterity deserving our sincerest pity, mediocre brains or irritably susceptible and unstable nerve tissue.

On the dangers arising from waves of religious excitement, it would be easy to dilate, but we shall content ourselves with remarking that if they have been exaggerated by some, they have been improperly ignored or denied by others. They are real; and frightful is the responsibility of those who, by excited utterances and hideous caricatures of religion, upset the mental equilibrium of their auditors, whether men, women, or children.

One remarkable feature of modern life—Spiritualism—has been said to produce an alarming amount of insanity, especially in America. It has been recently stated by an English writer that nearly 10,000 persons, have gone insane on the subject, and are confined in asylums in the United States; but careful inquiry, made in consequence, has happily disproved the statement, and we learn that the amount of insanity produced from this cause is almost insignificant—much less than that caused by religious excitement.

Looking broadly at the facts which force themselves upon our attention, we may say that a study of the relation between modern life and insanity, shows that it is of a many-sided and complex character; that the rich and the poor from different causes, though certainly in one respect the same cause, labour under a large amount of *preventible* lunacy; that beer and gin, mal-nutrition, a dreary monotony of toil, muscular exhaustion, domestic distress, misery, and anxiety,

account largely, not only for the number of the poor who become insane in adult life, but who from hereditary predisposition, are born weak-minded or actually idiotic; that among the middle classes, stress of business, excessive competition, failures, and, also in many cases, reckless and intemperate living, occasion the attack; while in the upper classes intemperance still works woe—and under this head must be comprised lady and gentlemen dipsomaniacs, who are not confined in asylums; that while multiplicity of subjects of study in youth and excessive brain-work in after life exert a certain amount of injurious influence, under-work, luxurious habits, undisciplined wills, desultory life, produce a crop of nervous disorders, terminating not unfrequently in insanity. In a state of civilization like ours, it must also happen that many children of extremely feeble mental as well as bodily constitutions will be reared who otherwise would have died. These either prove to be imbeciles, or they grow up only to fall a prey to the upsetting influence of the cares and anxieties of the world. A considerable number of insane persons have never been really whole minded people; there has, it will be found on careful inquiry, been always something a little peculiar about them, and when their past life is interpreted by the attack which has rendered restraint necessary, it is seen that there had been a smouldering fire in the constitution for a lifetime, though now, for the first time, bursting forth into actual conflagration.

Lastly, modern society comprises a numerous class of persons, well-meaning, excitable, and morbidly sensitive. Some of these are always on the border-land between sanity and insanity, and their friends are sometimes tempted to wish that they would actually cross the line, and save them from constant harass. When they do, it is easier to make allowance for them and their vagaries.

Whatever uncertainty there may

attach to some aspects of this inquiry, unquestionable conclusions have been drawn; and if these only accord with results arrived at from other considerations, they are valuable as confirming them. Had there appeared to be among the poor and ignorant a striking immunity from attacks of insanity, a strong argument would have been afforded, and would probably have been employed, against the extension of education at the present day to the working classes. Nothing, however, in our facts or figures supports such an anti-progressive view; and if the educated classes did not sin against their mental health in so many ways, they would doubtless compare more favourably than they do, in fact as well as in mere figures, with the uneducated poor. So again with regard to intemperance and all that it involves, in spite of the difficulty of discriminating between the many factors which often go to make up the sum total of causes of an attack, we have no doubt of the large influence for mental evil exerted by drink—always admitting that where the constitution has no latent tendency to insanity, you may do almost what you like with it, in this or any other way, without causing this particular disease. A man will break down at his weak point, be it what it may.

Again, the lessons are taught of the importance, not of mere education, but a real training of the feelings; the

evil of mental stagnation, not simply *per se*, but from the train of sensual degradation in one direction, and of gloomy fanaticism in the other, engendered, and the danger of dwelling too long and intently on agitating religious questions, especially when presented in narrow and exclusive forms which drive people either to despair or to a perilous exaltation of the feelings. To true religious reformers, the physician best acquainted with the causation of mental disease will award his heartiest approval. Only as the high claims of duty, demanded from man by considerations of the dependence of his work in the world upon mental health, of what he owes to his fellow-men, and of what he owes to God, are fulfilled as well as acknowledged, will civilized man benefit by his civilization, as regards the prevention of insanity. Unpreventable lunacy will still exist, but a great saving will be effected for British ratepayers when that which is preventable shall have been reduced to a minimum by the widest extension of a thorough, but not oppressive and too early commenced education, by the practical application of the ascertained truths of physiological and medical science, and by the influence of a Christianity, deep in proportion to its breadth, which shall really lay hold of life and conduct, and mould them in accordance with itself.

D. HACK TUKE.

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

THE incident I am about to relate occurred during the Franco-German war. The letter in which I gave an account of it never reached London, and consequently was never published in the paper I represented during the campaign in France. I have related the story to private friends, but it has never before appeared in print. My reason for publishing it now is that it may give people in general some idea of the perils and dangers which a special correspondent of a paper has sometimes to go through if he endeavours to do his duty towards his employers.

I was with MacMahon's army from the time it left Strassburg until the battle of Wörth. After that bloody and hard-fought engagement I was taken prisoner by the Germans, but released almost immediately upon giving my *parole* in writing that I would not join the French camp for at least seven days. To follow the retreating army through the defiles of the Vosges was almost impossible; all the more so as I should have had to pass through the German forces, which were following up the French, and to which I was not accredited, and my orders were to remain and accompany the French. The carriage, an old travelling britska, which I had bought at Strassburg, as well as two old screws of horses which I had purchased at the same place, together with all my personal baggage, and everything except the clothes on my back, were looted by the German camp followers after the battle of Wörth. To procure another conveyance either by purchase or hire was utterly impossible. I had therefore no choice left but to start walking to my destination, and in four days managed to accomplish the forty miles between Wörth and

Carlsruhe. The trip was not a pleasant one. The road leading from Alsace into Germany was like Cheapside at high noon. There was one continual stream of carts, carriages, and ambulances going towards the frontier, and another coming out towards the army. The former contained numerous French prisoners, some thousands of wounded Germans, and regiments which had suffered so much at the battle of Wörth as to be utterly unfit for service. The string of conveyances coming from the Rhine were filled with provisions of all sorts, ammunition, medical stores, doctors, sisters of charity, a number of recruits on their way to the front, and some regiments which had not yet seen service, and which were pushing forward to join their respective brigades in France. As a matter of course every inn and tavern along the whole road was full night and day. As fast as one set of drivers or soldiers vacated a place of entertainment, they were succeeded by another batch of their comrades. Untold gold would not have procured a bed for any one. I slept four nights on the road, and on each occasion was glad to put up with a little dirty straw, shaken down in a corner of the same room where a score or more of German boors were carousing over their Lager beer. It is wonderful what three days without washing and three nights sleeping in filthy quarters will effect. When I arrived at Carlsruhe, on the morning of the fifth day I was so covered with vermin from head to toe, and was otherwise in such a state of dirt and filth, that I was ashamed to go into Grösse's Hotel. I went to the baths, sent a note across to the banker on whom I had a letter of credit, and that gentleman very kindly sent one of his clerks with the money I wanted.

I then had a thorough wash, had my hair and beard clipped short, and rubbed in with a certain powder, burnt the clothes I had on me, and sent to a shop where ready-made garments were to be had to purchase others. Unfortunately I could get nothing to fit me except the most impossible coat that the mind of man could conceive. It was light-grey in colour, a frockcoat as to its shape, very short in the waist, very long in the skirt, and with black velvet collar and cuffs. I note this vestment particularly, for, as it will presently be seen, it was the cause of much of my future trouble.

A couple of days' rest at Carlsruhe, two or three hot baths, plenty of soap, and some clean under-linen soon restored me to something like comfort. On the third day I was able to leave for Baden. Thence I went over the Swiss frontier to Basle, and by that time, as the limit given by my *parole* to the Germans had expired, I crossed the French frontier, made my way by rail to Laon, was arrested there as a German spy, released again after a few hours' detention, purchased a carriage and horses—the rail having been cut by order of the French authorities—to replace those I had lost at Würth, and passing through Châlons and Eprenay (of champagne notoriety), arrived at Rheims on the afternoon of the third day after leaving Basle.

The confusion at Rheims I shall never forget the longest day I have to live. Marshal MacMahon was about to commence what afterwards proved to be the retrograde movement by which he hoped to afford assistance to Bazaine and the garrison at Metz. In and about Rheims there were four divisions of the French army, amounting nominally to 60,000 men. But the muddle and mess in which the whole army appeared to be, the utter want of anything like discipline in any portion of the force, literally defies description. Officers and soldiers of all ranks seemed to come and go between the camp and the town how and when they pleased. In the camp a sentry was

to be seen here and there; but the listless apathy of the soldiers, the eagerness with which every individual in the whole force seemed bent on providing for his own wants, utterly regardless of all matters of duty, must have been seen to be believed. And if I had the pen of a Dickens or a Thackeray to describe the state of the French camp that morning, my story would be simply looked upon as grossly exaggerated.

And yet, as everybody, military and civil, French or foreigner, in Rheims or in the adjacent camps, knew full well, the day was a most momentous one for France. Notice had been stuck up all over the town that at four p.m. the last train would take its departure for Paris, and that immediately after the rails would be cut for a considerable distance. The Uhlans of the German army had been seen that morning at Châlons, which was only about a dozen miles distant. The telegraph wires had been cut near Eprenay, which was known to be in the hands of the enemy. In the evening, and it was already past noon, the Marshal would commence his movement towards Metz; and after that all who remained in Rheims would do so at their own risk, as the German army was certain to arrive there within the next twenty-four hours.

The scene at the railway station literally baffled all description. For every possible seat in the trains, which kept leaving every hour for Paris, there were at least fifty applicants. The better class of citizens seemed to have stowed away all their valuables in small handbags or portmanteaus, and were content to fly with their families, leaving their houses to the mercy of the invaders. Not so, however, with the workmen and labouring people. They seemed to think that not only were the railway officials bound to find room for them in the train, but also for their beds, bedding, chairs, tables, chests of drawers, cooking-pots, spades, hammers, and in many cases all the contents of their shops. I saw one old

woman perfectly furious because the chief of the station told her it was utterly impossible for the train to carry away two milch cows and a calf which belonged to her. Another individual was using the worst of bad language because the railway officials declined to book a horse and cart which he wanted to take with him out of reach of the Germans. When to scenes like this is added the fact, that—with that want of forethought which seems to have been the curse of the French throughout the war—not a single extra official or additional ticket-clerk had been added to the station on such an emergency, it may easily be conceived how everything went wrong, and nothing seemed to go right.

As regards the want of discipline and inexplicable *laissez aller* of the French army at this supreme moment of the nation's destiny, I may mention a circumstance of which I was eye-witness on that day at the camp near Rheims. A splendid hussar regiment—if I mistake not it was the Eighth Hussars—joined Marshal MacMahon's army that morning. They had come by forced marches all the way from Dijon, and both men and horses were greatly fatigued when they reached their destination. In an English or a German cavalry regiment not a soul would have been allowed to quit the lines of the corps until every one of the 850 horses had been cleaned, watered, fed, and their backs inspected. In other words, from the colonel to the junior cornet, and from the senior sergeant-major to the youngest trumpeter, one and all would have had to remain at "stables" until every charger in the regiment had been seen to and cared for. This would have lasted upwards of an hour. But not so in the French service. The horses had been hardly picketed when, with one single exception, namely, the officer of the day, every one of the commissioned ranks betook themselves off to breakfast, and the men very quickly followed the example set by their superiors. I will venture to say that,

in the whole of that regiment, there was not a single horse properly inspected that morning. Some had their saddles taken off, some had them left on. Here and there a trooper, perhaps one of every twenty, might be seen going through a make-believe ceremony of languidly rubbing his horse with a currycomb. Some horses were fed before they were watered; others were watered before they were fed. They were all encrusted with mud and dust about their legs, hocks, manes, and tails. The grey horses looked a sort of dirty brown; the bays appeared powdered with grey hairs. The single officer who remained in the lines sat upon one of the baggage carts smoking a cigar. In short, from first to last I never witnessed such a decided case of irregular conduct amongst regular troops. And yet this was one of the finest cavalry regiments of the French service. It had not gone through any portion of the campaign, but had just arrived from provincial quarters, and had joined the army in the field at a moment when the efficiency of every man and every horse was a matter of vital interest.

As evening approached, and the time for the departure of the last train to Paris drew near, matters became more and more confused. How that train ever got off, leaving as it did at the railway station some two or three thousand persons who were anxious to get away, was always a matter of mystery to me. But it took its departure not more than an hour after the appointed time, leaving Rheims to await the coming of the German army on the morrow. MacMahon's army marched out on the road to Metz about four P.M., and, not wishing to be mixed up more than was needful with the troops, I took my departure a little later, going by another route to a village some ten miles from Rheims, where I slept that night, and the following evening reached the small town of Mouson, where I remained twenty-four hours, and then, wishing to get more exact

information as to the movements of the Marshal and his army, drove to Sedan, a small, fortified town, which, some ten days later, was the scene of the celebrated battle which may be said to have crushed the French nation and troops.

I found Sedan full of staff and commissariat officers, several of whom I had known at Strassburg, and others that I had been acquainted with a few years before in Algiers. The colonel who commanded the "place" was an old Parisian acquaintance. He received me most kindly—as, indeed, officers of the regular French army always do receive strangers—gave me all the information I required, endorsed my Foreign Office passport, entertained me very hospitably at an excellent *déjeuner*, and sent me on my way rejoicing, recommending me to go to a certain village in the valley of the Meuse, where I should be pretty certain on the following morning to meet with MacMahon's head-quarters.

I returned to the small *cabaret* outside the walls, where I had left my carriage and horses, and while paying for what the latter had consumed was not a little astonished at the surly insolence with which the people of the small inn spoke to me. My coachman, who was a German-Swiss, told me that he had been accused of being a Prussian spy, and that the people of the inn, as well as their neighbours, declared that the *commandant de place* must be a traitor to France if he did not imprison me for daring to come near a French garrison; intimating at the same time that they were perfectly certain that I was no Englishman, but a spy of Bismarck's. Knowing, however, that at this time the French in general were suffering greatly from "Prussian spy on the brain," and feeling certain that the commandant's endorsement of my passport would see me through any trouble, I paid little attention to the man's fears. The horses were put to, and I started on my journey, which, I very soon had good reason to fear would be the

last one I should ever undertake on this side of the grave.

We had proceeded about four miles from Sedan, when suddenly, at a sharp turn of the road, we came upon a body of men drawn up across the latter. They were armed with muskets, wore military pouches, and were dressed in a sort of irregular uniform, by which I knew them to be *Francs-tireurs*, that most undisciplined body of undisciplined troops which did so much harm to their own cause during the whole campaign. There were, as nearly as I could judge, some fifty or sixty of them. They had been evidently waiting for us. They surrounded the carriage in a moment, and, with frantic yells, among which the only words to be distinguished were, "*Le sacré espion Prussien !*" they pulled me on to the road, bound my hands with cords, and, had their arms been loaded, I believe they would there and then have shot me. I asked them where their officers were, but in reply they only vented on me the foulest abuse, saying they had no officers, and that when Frenchmen caught a Prussian spy they knew how to treat him. Why or wherefore they did not touch my coachman—whose accent betrayed very plainly his German origin—I never could make out. He was allowed to remain on his driving-seat, where he sat absolutely green with fear. In the meantime, the first excitement having subsided, about ten of them formed themselves into what they were pleased to call a *conseil de guerre*, and proceeded to try me for what they had already fully determined in their own minds I was guilty of, namely, of being a Prussian spy.

I asked again where their officers were, and whether I could speak to any of them; but they answered, with imprecations, that there were no officers present, that I was a Prussian spy, and ought to be shot at once. I was buffeted, knocked down in the most cowardly manner, and kicked when on the ground. When I asked

to be taken back to Sedan, that the *commandant de place* might judge my case, I was told that the *commandant* was like the rest of the French army—a traitor; and one ruffian, who was even more ruffianly than his fellows, seized his musket by the muzzle, and declared that, if I spoke again, he would brain me with the butt.

I need hardly say that the so-called trial was the veriest farce ever enacted under that name. The unfortunate grey coat with the black velvet collar was declared by one of my judges to be of German make. I was asked where I got it, and when I told them it had been purchased at Carlsruhe, a regular howl was set up, as if I had avowed myself to be an intimate friend of Bismarck. The very fact of having in my possession a coat that was purchased in Germany was deemed sufficient proof of my being a German and a spy. When I offered to show them my papers, and declared that I was an Englishman, with an English passport, they yelled at me in derision. One dirty-looking miscreant came forward and said he could speak English very well, and would soon find out whether or not my tale was true. He addressed me in some jargon which sounded like English, but of which I could make no sense, and in which, except the words, "You speak very well, Englishman," there was no meaning whatever. However, I answered him in my own language, thinking that, by doing so, I should at any rate raise a doubt in his mind. But, to my amazement, no sooner had I answered him than he turned round to his companions and declared I was a German, and had spoken to him in that tongue. This seemed quite enough, not merely to convince the rabble—for they had already been so—but it was more than enough to make them declare their sentence. "*À mort! à mort!*" went round the circle, and I was then and there condemned to death. I was taken to a dead wall, some ten yards off, put up with my back against it, twelve men were ordered to load their muskets

there and then, two were told off to give me the *coup de grâce*, should I require it; and, as a *finale* to my sentence, one of the scoundrels produced a watch, and told me they would give me ten minutes to prepare for death.

In the course of a not uneventful life I have passed through some moments which were far from pleasant. But in all my experiences nothing ever equalled, and I hope nothing ever will equal, the first few minutes of that time which they told me remained between me and death. To be shot with no more ceremony than a mad dog, and in all probability my fate never to be heard of by friends at home, seemed the hardest of hard lines. I have often heard how, under similar circumstances, a man's whole life passes in review before him. I cannot say that this was my experience. My feelings were almost too bitter for my ideas to form themselves into anything like shape. I had faced death more than once in my life, and had not on such occasions shown more cowardice than most men. But to die on the road-side, in an out-of-the-way corner of France, murdered by a pack of bloodthirsty ruffians, without even a fellow-countryman near me who could tell those I had left behind the whereabouts of my grave, seemed indeed a hard fate.

With some people, and I confess myself to be one of the number, the greater the dilemma in which they are placed, the more certain are they to invent some loophole by which to escape. Five out of the allotted ten minutes had already passed, when a thought struck me to try a plan, which I put into immediate execution. "*Voyez, messieurs,*" I called out, "you have condemned me to death; but according to the laws of France not even an assassin is executed without seeing a priest. I therefore ask you, *au nom de la France et de la justice*" (with Frenchmen you must always use high-sounding words if you want to get round them), "to send for M. le Curé of the nearest Commune, and let me see him before I die."

The attempt was a hazardous one, and might have ended—as it certainly would have done with the *Communards* of Belleville or Montmartre—by a curtailment of the five minutes which remained, or which I believed remained, between me and eternity. However, like many desperate attempts, it was successful. A dozen or so of my captors whispered together among themselves, and then, turning round, exclaimed, "*C'est juste ! c'est bien juste ; il a le droit de voir un prêtre avant de mourir. Envoyez chercher M. le Curé !*" And to search for the parish priest a couple of men started off in different directions.

As may be imagined, I was not a little pleased at this reprieve. In any case it would give me time to collect my thoughts ; and there was every chance of the priest having some influence over the *Franc-tireurs* and persuading them to allow of my being taken before the regular civil or military authorities.

Few of my London acquaintances would, if they could have been brought to that dead wall, have recognised, in the dirty, dusty, half-stripped vagabond that sat there, their generally well-dressed friend. My captors had taken from me—and I have never seen it from that day to this—the light-grey coat with the black velvet collar that I had bought at Carlsruhe. My waistcoat had also disappeared. My captors had divested me of my shoes, in order, I suppose, to insure my not running away. My billycock hat lay by my side, and my fall and rollings in the dust had given me an appearance which, to say the least of it, was far from cleanly. In short, I looked altogether much more like one of those houseless creatures that are to be seen of an evening waiting for admittance into the casual ward of the workhouse than like the well-to-do correspondent of a prosperous English paper.

The time passed on, and M. le Curé did not arrive. My captors began to growl and grumble, and in more than one quarter I heard the ominous

words, *il faut en finir*, muttered in a tone which left no doubt of their meaning.

All at once a new figure appeared on the scene. It was an old man, who, by his belt and the gun under his arm, was evidently the *Garde Champêtre* of the village, and on whose blouse the red ribbon of the legion of honour showed that he had served in the army. I accosted the old fellow with a civil salutation, and told him that I could see he had been a soldier, and that he probably could perceive that I also had once belonged to the profession of arms. The old fellow brightened up in an instant, and said yes, that it was very evident I had served ; although, how he came to this conclusion I was at a loss to understand.

"Perhaps," I said to him, "you served with my compatriots in the Crimea?" (He was far too old to have done so, but it is always well to flatter a Frenchman.)

"*Oui, monsieur,*" he replied ; "*j'ai servi en Crimée avec vos braves compatriotes.*"

"And," said I, "you perhaps learnt their language?"

"*Mais oui, monsieur,*" he replied, "I can speak your language a little."

"And you can read it?" I said, giving him at the same time a look as I put to him what lawyers would call "a leading question."

The old fellow seemed to understand me at once, and replied that he could read English very well.

"Then," said I, motioning to him to take my Foreign-Office passport out of my pocket, "will you have the goodness to read these documents, and to inform *ces braves messieurs* that I am not a Prussian, and that I am not a spy ; that I am an English officer of rank (I thought it better to colour the picture as highly as possible), travelling in France to witness how brave Frenchmen defend their native soil, and how these brave men, the *Franc-tireurs*, are always ready to die for their country."

The old fellow took my passport in

his hand, but I am afraid that when he said he could read our language at all he had somewhat economised the truth. He held the document in his hand *upside down*, gazing at it for about a minute. He then, with a suddenness which astonished me not a little, undid the cord which bound my hands, clapped my hat on my head, and, exclaiming in a loud tone, "*C'est vrai, c'est vrai, monsieur est un officier Anglais, un colonel très distingué,*" hurried me to the carriage, which was luckily only a few yards off, bundled me in, and, exclaiming to the coachman, "*Allons, cocher; fouettez, fouettez!*" sprang on the box himself, and in less time than I can take to describe it, we were tearing along the road at full speed, before my captors had recovered their astonishment at

the old man's audacity. Some of them ran after us for a short distance, and two or three of those who had loaded their muskets for the purpose of shooting me fired after us as we sped on our way. Even then I had a narrow escape from these blood-thirsty ruffians. One of their balls went near enough to my head to make a hole in the crown of my billycock, which is to this day preserved by a friend in Brussels as a relic of the war.

The old *Garde Champêtre* went on with me to Mouson, where I had the pleasure of getting five hundred francs on my letter of credit, and making him accept the same. If ever one man by his presence of mind saved the life of another, that veteran saved mine.

M. LAING MEASON.

# VALENTINE'S DAY, 1873.

(An unpublished poem.)

Oh! I wish I were a tiny brown bird from out the south,  
Settled among the alder-holts, and twittering by the  
stream;

I would put my tiny tail down, and put up my tiny mouth,  
And sing my tiny life away in one melodious dream.

I would sing about the blossoms, and the sunshine and  
the sky,

And the tiny wife I meant to have in such a cosy nest;  
And if some one came and shot me dead, why then I  
could but die,

With my tiny life and tiny song just ended at their best.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

## GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

In a former article I endeavoured to describe the schools of Germany, compared them with those of England, and pointed out the features in which I thought that the German scholastic system was superior to our own. I then spoke of several different kinds of school—the Gymnasium, the Real-schule, the Bürger-schule, and the Gewerbe-schule, but directed my chief attention to the Gymnasium, or Classical school, which still enjoys the highest estimation, and the exclusive privilege of preparing boys for the universities; and which is, therefore, the only road to the learned professions and the service of the state.

I come now to a subject of greater difficulty as well as interest; for whatever differences may exist between the *schools* of Germany and England, they seem unimportant when compared with those which distinguish a German from an English *university*. Differences so fundamental and essential, that it seems strange that they should be called by the same name.

Whatever opinion a man may have formed of the German universities, whether he sides with their enthusiastic, and sometimes fanatical admirers, or their hardly less zealous opponents, he cannot deny that they are deserving of our most earnest consideration. Whether the waters which flow from them seem to us sweet or bitter, we know that they flow in abundance, that they are extremely potent in their effects, whether for good or evil, and that they find their way into every channel by which the streams of speculation and knowledge are conveyed to the minds of the present generation. No man of any country, in the present day, can advance far along the path of any science, without accepting, willingly or unwillingly, the aid of a German guide; and our most ortho-

dox divines, as well as our most enthusiastic sceptics and pessimists, seek the weapons of their warfare in the German armoury. The tables of our classical scholars, historians, and physicists, groan under the weight of German editions and German treatises; our grammars have been completely remodelled on the German pattern, and our lexicons and dictionaries are, for the most part, compilations from German sources. Even our soldiers look to "the spectacled nation" as the best teachers of military science. It is hardly too much to say that the Germans are at present acting the part of pioneers in every advance of the great army of science. Nor is it only in England that this remarkable fact is recognised. "A little German university," says Renan, "with its awkward professors and starving *Privat-docenten*, does more for science than all the ostentatious wealth of Oxford." If we might substitute "*advance of science*" in this sweeping sentence, no one, I think would venture to deny it; though many would maintain that this, with all its importance, is not the only object of a university.

It is not altogether out of place, in speaking of the German universities, to refer to the origin of universities in general, because the former have preserved so much of the original type. The university, which in most countries is now regarded as an institution of the state, was originally of the nature of a private school. The natural impulse in the heart of man to display his knowledge and diffuse his opinions, induced the great scholars of the middle ages to become teachers, and in those days teachers were of necessity lecturers. Their fame attracted students from all quarters of the world, and the presence of hearers, again, was a powerful attrac-

tion to teachers. The University of Paris, which arose in this way as early as the eleventh century, was the model of the German universities, and the original form has been preserved with singularly little change to the present day. The students who thronged to Paris from all parts of Europe were classed according to their nationality, as "the French," "the English" (which appellation included the Germans), "the Normans," and "the Picards." Each nation chose its own Proctor, and the four Proctors, with a Rector at their head, governed the whole academical body. Originally there was but one Faculty, that of "Arts;" but as the sciences of Law and Medicine grew in importance, the Students of Theology, Law and Medicine, formed separate Corporations or Faculties; although the Faculty of Arts retained, even then, some of its ancient privileges, of which the new Corporations could only partake by graduating in Arts also, as "Masters of Arts." Such, in the main, was the form assumed by the first German University, that of Prague, in 1348. Others were founded at Heidelberg (1386), Cologne (1388), Erfurt (1391), Würzburg (1403), Leipsic (1409), Rostock (1419), Greifswalde (1456), Freiburg (1457), Trèves (1472), Tübingen (1477), and Frankfort-on-the-Oder (1506), which was the last University founded before the Reformation. The custom of living in Colleges (Bursae), which the Germans had adopted from the French, generally prevailed down to the sixteenth century, and has partially maintained itself among the Roman Catholics down to the present time.

The first Protestant university was founded by Philip of Hesse at Marburg in 1527, and received a constitution in accordance with the free spirit of the new era, which enabled the Medical and Philosophical Faculties to emancipate themselves from ecclesiastical control. The sovereign himself became Rector of the Marburg university, and personally interested himself in its

welfare. Universities of a similar character were successively founded at Königsberg (1543), Jena (1558), Kiel (1665), and Halle (1694), which last is distinguished as being the first at which the Professors enjoyed the full *Lehrfreiheit* (or full liberty of expressing their opinion on the subject of their lectures), and were allowed to use the German language, by which the non-academical world was drawn into the sphere of their influence. The University of Breslau was founded in 1702, that of Göttingen in 1737, Berlin in 1809, and Bonn in 1818.

There are now 21 universities in the German Empire with 1,250 Professors and somewhat more than 17,000 students. Of the German Universities in other countries, 7 are in Austria, with 676 Professors and 7,700 students; 4 in Switzerland, with 230 Professors and 1091 students, and one in the Baltic Provinces of Russia, with 66 Professors and 874 students.

The salaries of the Professors in ordinary range from 120*l.* to 450*l.*, exclusive of fees. In the case of very distinguished men they rise to 500*l.* or even 600*l.* per annum.

Referring to the amount expended on the universities, Mr. Gladstone in a recent speech at Nottingham, says; "I think about 70,000*l.* is the sum expended by the Germans and the Government of Northern Germany in producing that which is absolutely necessary in order to give efficiency to the higher education of the country." I do not know what "*the Government of Northern Germany*" exactly means, but Prussia alone spends 5,343,000 marks (267,150*l.*) a year on her universities; and the extraordinary expenses of the present year amount to 3,000,000 marks (150,000*l.*), chiefly for new university buildings. The total annual sum expended for educational purposes in Prussia is 38,068,000 marks (1,903,400*l.*), and the minister Falk asks for an additional grant of 12,000,000 marks (600,000*l.*).

The German University consists:—  
I. Of the Ordinary Professors,

appointed by Royal patent and paid by Government; the *Extraordinary Professors*, named by the king's minister, who are not entitled to any salary, but often receive a small one; and the *Privatim docentes*, who derive their *Licentia docendi* from the Faculty to which they belong, and depend on fees alone.

II. Of the various directors and officers of the institutions connected with the university—the museums, observatories, anatomical theatres, laboratories, &c.

III. Of the matriculated students.

IV. Of the academical police, and the inferior officials, as secretaries, quaestors, bedells, &c.

The Professors and students are divided into the four Faculties of Theology, Jurisprudence, Medicine, and Philosophy (Arts), under which last head are included, not merely Mental and Moral Philosophy, but the Ancient and Modern Languages, History, Archaeology, Mathematics, the Physical Sciences, the Fine Arts, Political Philosophy, Political Economy and Diplomacy, &c. The Minister of Education is represented at some universities by a resident "*Curator and Plenipotentiary*," who acts as a sort of resident Chancellor, and is the connecting link between the university and the government. The immediate government of the university is carried on by a *Senate*, composed in some cases of *all* the ordinary Professors, in others of a certain number chosen by and from them, with an annually appointed *Rector* at their head. The Senate generally consists of the Rector, the Ex-rector, the four Deans of Faculty, some, or all, of the ordinary Professors, and the University Judge. The Rector is chosen by the ordinary Professors, and is president of the Senate. He still retains the old title of "*Magnificence*," and derives a salary from a percentage on fees for matriculation, and the granting of testimonials and degrees. The *University Judge* is appointed by the Minister of Education, and transacts the legal

business of the university. He is not a Professor but a practical lawyer, whose office it is to see that all the transactions of the Senate are in accordance with the laws of the land. He is also the connecting link between the academical authorities and the town police.

The courses of lectures (*Collegia*) delivered by the Professors are of three kinds:—

I. *Publica*.—Every ordinary or extraordinary Professor is expected to deliver, *gratis*, two courses (of at least two lectures a week), extending through the whole of each "semester," on some material point of the science he professes; and these are the "*Publica Collegia*." They are but thinly attended by the students.

II. *Privata*.—The arrangement of which is entirely left to the different Faculties. These are the principal lectures, and the Professors receive fees (*honoraria*) from those who attend them, varying according to the number of hours in the week which they occupy, the labour required in their preparation, the cost of apparatus, &c. These lectures generally occupy an hour a day, four, five, or six times a week. The most usual fee is about eighteen shillings.

III. *Privatissima*.—These are delivered to a select number, in the private houses of the Professors, on terms settled between them and their hearers.

The length of time (at least three years) which intervenes between matriculation and examination, has led to a practice amongst the students of taking down the whole lecture, in the manner of a reporter, in order to study it at home. And this, again, has induced the Professors to dictate their lectures in such a manner that they can be taken down almost word for word. It may easily be imagined how fatal such a habit must be to the graces of elocution, and it has not unfairly been made the subject of ridicule. A story is current of a German Professor at Marburg, who

went so far in his desire to meet the wishes of the students as to say at the end of one of his sentences: "Machen die Herren gefälligst ein Kommachen"—Here, gentlemen, please to place a comma. Goethe also alludes to it in his *Faust*, where Mephistopheles, in the garb of Faust, is giving advice to a young scholar respecting his behaviour in the lecture-room:—

"Doch euch des Schreibens ja befeisst  
Als dictirt' euch der heilige Geist."

"But be sure you write as diligently as if the Holy Spirit were dictating."

No single thing has contributed more to injure the reputation of the German universities in the eyes of our countrymen than the unprincipled manner in which some of the most insignificant of them have exercised their right of conferring degrees. Those who are unacquainted with Germany naturally involve all her universities in the same condemnation with the two or three dishonourable corporations who have virtually sold their worthless honours to aspirants as base as themselves. A short account of the manner in which degrees are obtained in the more respectable universities of Germany, may help to rescue them from unmerited reproach.

Each Faculty has the exclusive right of granting degrees in its own sphere, although this prerogative is exercised under the authority of the whole university. The Theological Faculty grants two degrees, those of Licentiate and Doctor. The Philosophical Faculty also grants two, "Master of Arts" and "Doctor of Philosophy," which are generally taken together. The Medical and Judicial Faculties give only one degree each, that of Doctor.

Whoever seeks the degree of Licentiate in Theology, and of Doctor and Master of Arts in Philosophy, must have studied three years at a university, and must signify his desire to the Dean of his Faculty in a Latin epistle, accompanied by a short *curriculum vitæ*. Before he can be

admitted to the *viva voce* examination he is expected to send in a *Doctor-dissertation*, an original treatise, generally written in Latin, in which he must manifest not only his proficiency in the subjects in which he intends to graduate, but some power of original thought and independent research. The Dean sends this treatise round to the other members of the Faculty, who have to declare in writing their opinion of its merits. If this be favourable, a day is appointed for the grand examination, which is generally carried on in Latin, and which all the members of the Faculty are expected to attend as examiners. The *Doctorandus* is then subjected to a *viva-voce* examination by each Professor in turn, after which it is decided by simple majority whether the candidate has satisfied the examiners or not. If he succeeds he is directed to hold a public "disputation" (in Latin), in presence of the Dean and Faculty, on *theses* of his own selection, which are posted at the gates of the University. After the disputation the Dean addresses the *corona*, in a Latin speech, and hands the diploma to the new graduate.

To obtain the degree of Doctor of Theology the candidate must have finished his academical studies six years, and have written some work, which, in the opinion of the Faculty, is a valuable contribution to Theological literature.

The degree of *Doctor utriusque juris* is taken in nearly the same way as those in Theology and Philosophy, except that the law student is sometimes subjected to a written examination previously to the oral one.

The Medical Faculty is the only one in which it is imperative on the student to take the degree of Doctor. In the other Faculties admission to the privileges and honours of a profession is obtained solely by passing the so-called State or Government examination.

The testimony of many distinguished German schoolmen, as well as my own

observations, incline me to think that one of the weakest points in the German university system is the method of examination. The *Staats-examina* in the Medical Faculty, for example, are conducted by a commission consisting chiefly of the Professors of one and the same university; so that, virtually, a student's teachers are his principal examiners. The case is very nearly the same with the so-called *Wissenschaftliche Prüfungs-commission* for masters in the Gymnasias and other schools. The necessary consequences of such a system need hardly be pointed out; and it speaks well for the professorial body in Germany that the results have not been sufficiently injurious to excite much public attention. An English examiner is as much above suspicion as an English judge; and though accident may place an Oxford or Cambridge man higher or lower in a class-list than he deserves, he never attributes his success or failure to a bias in the mind of his examiner. But should we (with all our trust in the conscientiousness of our university authorities) feel the same confidence if the examining board consisted mainly of the pupils' own tutors, and the heart sat in judgment side by side with the head? It cannot be denied that the German system tends to too great leniency on the part of examiners. The reputation of great severity would tell unfavourably on the number of students; for, as they may choose their university, they are likely to go where they can obtain their degrees with the least exertion.

Whoever wishes to enter the professorial career as *Privatim docens* must obtain leave of the Minister of Instruction to announce himself for *Habilitation* into one of the four Faculties. This permission cannot be obtained until three years after he has completed his studies at the university. He must also have taken the degree of Doctor. His application is made by a Latin epistle to the Dean, accompanied by a *curriculum vitæ*, and a treatise on

one of the subjects on which he proposes to lecture. The Faculty appoints, by ballot, two commissioners, who subject the testimonials and treatise of the candidate to a rigid examination, and give a written opinion of his merits. The above-mentioned documents, together with the judgment of the commissioners, are then sent round to every member of the Faculty, and the fate of the candidate is decided at their next meeting by simple majority. If the decision is favourable he is directed by the Dean to prepare and deliver a lecture on some subject chosen by the latter, after which the members of the Faculty hold a *colloquium* with him on the matter of his discourse. He is then finally admitted as *Privatim docens*.

The *Privatim docens* may be raised to the rank of Extraordinary Professor at any time after his *habilitation*, but he can make no claim to such promotion until he has lectured for three years at the university. The academical teacher, having obtained the position of Extraordinary Professor, has full opportunity of proving his ability before the university and the country. He stands, as a lecturer, on an equal footing in all respects with the oldest and most distinguished of the salaried Professors, and his exclusion from academical offices must be reckoned rather as an advantage at the beginning of his career. His future fate is very much in his own hands, and it is scarcely possible, even to adverse ministerial influence, to keep him from obtaining the natural fruits of his exertions. The professorial chairs of all Germany, and even of many other countries—as Switzerland, Austria, Russia, &c.—are open to him, and the active rivalry of different States insures to the man of genius and learning a fitting sphere of labour.

The stimulus thus given to exertion, both on the part of those who seek for name and fortune, and those who have already attained it, is extraordinary, and the advantage accruing from it to

the students and the public correspondingly great. The Ordinary Professor, however great his attainments and his fame, cannot relax in his exertions or sleep on his laurels, if he would not yield his hearers and his fees to some "Extraordinary" brother or needy and acute *Privatim* docens. He must "keep moving," for there are numbers pressing on his heels. He must lead his pupils forward, or they, careless of his brilliant antecedents, will leave him to follow a less renowned but more active and skilful guide.

The foregoing outline may suffice to show the world-wide difference between the academical institutions of England and Germany in external form; yet they differ far more essentially in the spirit which animates them, in their *modus operandi*, and in the objects which they respectively pursue. The term university is hardly applicable to our great academies; for they do not even profess to include the whole circle of the sciences in their programme, and their mode of teaching differs in hardly any respect from that of a school. The German university, on the other hand, looks, at first sight, like a mere aggregate of technical schools, designed to prepare men for the several careers of social life. Something analogous would result from bringing together in one place our Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, our Theological training schools, Inns of Court, Medical schools and hospitals, and our British and Kensington Museums, with their schools of art, and then dividing the whole body of teachers and students into four faculties, and bringing it under the control of Her Majesty's Government. Yet such mere juxtaposition would not alone suffice to form a German university. Such a collection in one place of professional training schools, whose only object is the rapid preparation of young men for their future callings, does exist in Paris; and yet Gabriel Monod could say, without contradiction, that, with the exception of

Turkey, France was the only country in Europe which possessed no university in the proper sense of the word. The German Faculties are also technical schools, but they are intimately and inseparably united by a common scientific method, which makes the practical studies of each a medium of the highest scientific training. Preparation for a profession is indeed the main object of a German university; but it is not, as in France, the only one. The great principle of teaching in the former is the continual blending of instruction and research, and the German universities are such good schools, because they are not only places of instruction but workshops of science. The enlargement and strengthening of the mind which the English system aims at exclusively, the Germans endeavour to combine with preparation for the practical business of life. Their Professors have to supply the State with a sufficient number of young men capable of undertaking the duties of clergymen, schoolmasters, lawyers, physicians, civil servants, &c., and we know that this practical end is fully attained. But the successful result is a matter of perpetual astonishment to us, with our ideas and our experience, when we come to consider the nature of the means employed. The Professor announces a course of lectures, which the student may attend or not as he pleases; and these lectures are not, as we might expect, a compendium of practical knowledge, which his pupils may commit to memory and reproduce at their examinations, and use at their first start in their professional career, but generally an original scientific investigation of some new field of thought, a peering from the heights of accumulated knowledge into the dim and cloud-shadowed horizon. In every lecture the Professor is supposed to be engaged in the act of creation, and the student to be imbibing the scientific spirit and acquiring the scientific method—watching the weaver at his loom and learning to weave for

himself. Whether the latter does his part or not is entirely his own concern. He is never questioned in his class or examined at the end of the term or year, and may pass his whole university life without any intimate personal acquaintance with the man whose business it is to cultivate his powers and fit him to serve his generation. The sources of the practical knowledge he needs are of course pointed out to him for private reading, but he is left to use them when and how he pleases, and to prepare himself alone, or in company with his fellow-students, for his distant examination. Nor is the higher work of the Professor supplemented, as with us, by private tutors, "coaches," or "crammers." In fact, there is no part of our collegiate system which is more universally reprobated by the Germans. "What we want for our students," they say, "is not the assistance of private tutors, but private independent study without assistance." "Away with all supervision and drilling! If you were to subject our men to private tuition, and regulate and inspect their studies, you would destroy at a blow the scientific spirit in our universities. The main object of a university, as distinguished from a school, is to foster independent thought—the true foundation of independence of character. The student must, of course, be fitted to gain his livelihood, but show him where the necessary information is to be acquired, and place an examination in full view at the end of his curriculum, and he will prepare *himself* far better than if he were crammed by others, in a manner not suited, perhaps, to his mental constitution."

The only institution in a German university which might seem, at first sight, to contain the element of private tuition, is the so-called "Seminary," now attached to all the four Faculties. The Seminary is composed of the older and more advanced students in their last year, who assemble periodically under the presidency of the chief

Professors in each department. The Seminarists are encouraged to treat some subject (suggested by the Professors or chosen by themselves) independently, according to the scientific method which they are supposed to have learned from attendance at the lectures. These treatises are read and discussed in the class, and generally commented on in a kind of summing-up by the presiding Professor. Here, too, the main object is to foster private reading and independent research on the part of the pupil, who is not expected to display his knowledge of other men's views, but to go to the sources, and, as far as his powers and lights allow, to extend the field of science in some definite direction. Such treatises, like the *Doctor-dissertations*, may be, and generally are, of little value in themselves—i.e., to the reader; but they are of the greatest use to the writer, who learns thereby the meaning of the word "science," and how scientific work is carried on. He is taught to follow out one problem, at least, to its ultimate consequences, to clear one field for himself, on which he can hoist his own colours and say: "Here I stand on my own ground, and on my own legs; here no one can teach me or direct me." The power acquired by such an exercise is an inestimable possession, the very foundation of spiritual independence, the great source of mental fertility. Nor does it necessarily lead, as we might fear, to one-sided narrowness of mind. No one can thoroughly investigate a subject, however special and limited it may seem, without coming into contact on every side with other apparently alien matters. The deeper we penetrate, the wider must we make the opening at the surface for the admission of air and light into the depths below.

At the risk of seeming to repeat myself, I will now recapitulate the principal characteristic differences between the German and the English university.

The former, as we have seen, is a

national institution, entirely supported by the state, subject to the supervision and control of the central government, frequented by all but the poorest classes of the community, and therefore immediately and directly influenced by political and social changes. The latter is a wealthy corporation enjoying a very large measure of independence, frequented chiefly by the higher and more conservative classes, but little influenced by political changes or the prevailing opinions and customs of the masses, dwelling in empyrean heights remote from the noise and heat of contending factions and all the changes and chances of the work-a-day world.

"Semota ab nostris rebus sejunctaque longe,  
Nam privata dolore omni, privata periclis,  
Ipsa suis pollens opibus nihil indiga nostri."

Again, the internal government of the *Corpus Acad.* in Germany is almost entirely in the hands of the actual teachers; and the most eminent professors are also the chief rulers of the university, as Rectors, Deans of Faculty, or members of the Senate. In Oxford and Cambridge, on the other hand, the lecturers and tutors, the working bees of the community, have but a small share of its wealth and power, which is for the most part in the hands of learned and dignified "Heads" and irresponsible Fellows, who are not expected to take much part in the actual teaching. The natural result is that we have many admirable teachers, and many very learned men, but few writers. No impulse of rivalry or hope of promotion irresistibly impels our scholars to give the fruits of their labour to the world, and they too often enjoy them alone. We have always the uneasy feeling that there are men at our universities who might well compete with German Professors, who yet do little for the advancement of science, and are almost unknown beyond their college walls.

According to the German view of the matter, the Professor ought to be a learner even more than a teacher. He is engaged in a constant race and rivalry with competitors, not only at his own university, but throughout

the great republic of letters to which he belongs, and in which he seeks for fame, position, and emolument. In the choice of a Professor, therefore, the university (which has the right of proposing names to the Minister of Education) and the government are guided almost entirely by the comparative merits manifested in the published writings of the aspirants. The questions asked are: "What work has he done?" "What is he doing?" A vague reputation for mere learning, a good delivery, or a pleasing style will avail him little. They prefer, not the best teacher, as they would for the Gymnasium, but the greatest thinker, the most creative genius, and leave him to make himself intelligible to the students as he can. They are not disturbed at hearing that Professor M. or N. has but few hearers, and "shoots above their heads;" or by such cases as that of the Philosopher Hegel, who said that "only one of his pupils understood him, and he *mis*understood him." A light set on a hill, they think, cannot be altogether hidden, and some few may catch the prophet's mantle as he rises. They care far more for substance than form, for native gold than current silver coin; and hence it comes that so many German Professors and authors are, as compared with their French and English brethren, dull and awkward lecturers, obscure and unreadable writers. And thus the German scholar works directly under the eyes of the government, the lettered public, and indeed the whole nation. Every sound that he utters is immediately heard in the vast whispering-chamber of the temple of knowledge—weighed and discussed at a thousand centres. A new discovery in science, a new edition of a classic author, a light thrown on the history of the past, any proof, in short, of superior genius or talent, may not only give him the much-coveted "*Sitz und Stimme*" (seat and voice) in the general council of the republic of letters, but insure him a higher place in the social scale, and offers of a more lucrative post.

The English head, professor, or tutor, when once appointed, enjoys a kind of monopoly of authority or teaching, and may do his ministering zealously or gently, without fear of rivalry, without any immediate or certain gain or loss of reputation or emolument. He stands in no relation either to the government or the public, to both of which he may be almost unknown. He has no broadly-marked career before him, in which distinction and reward necessarily wait on great ability and great exertion, and if he is ambitious he generally leaves the university for some more extensive and promising field of labour.

The difference between the character of the English and German student is, if possible, still more striking. When an English boy leaves school for the university, he is not conscious of a very sharp break or turning-point in his life; he is only entering on another stage of the same high-road. He goes to pursue nearly the same studies in very nearly the same way as before. He expects to meet his old companions, and to indulge in his dearly-loved boyish sports on the river and in the field. He enjoys, of course, a greater degree of freedom, and receives a much higher kind of instruction, in accordance with his riper age and greater powers; but the subjects of his study are still chosen for him, and prosecuted, not for their value as gymnastic exercises of the mind. As at school he is directed in his course, and the instruction is still catechetical. Throughout the whole of his career at college he is subjected to examination in certain fixed subjects and even books, by the study of which he can alone escape reproof and obtain distinction and reward. His mind is still almost exclusively *receptive*, bound to take the food and medicine prepared and prescribed for him by duly authorised purveyors and practitioners. He is still, in short, in general training for the race of life, and is allowed no free disposal of his time and energy, no free indulgence of his peculiar tastes.

How different the feelings and experience of the German gymnasiast, as he passes from the purgatory of school to the paradise of college! In his boyhood he has been mentally schooled and drilled with a strictness and formality of which we have no conception. Every step he takes is marked out for him with the utmost care and precision by the highest authority, and he has scarcely a moment that he can call his own. It is continually dinned into his ears that he is not to reason or to choose, but to learn and to obey; and he does obey and learn with incredible docility and industry, and toils joylessly along the straight and narrow path, between the high and formal walls, from stage to stage of his arduous school-life, clearing one examination-fence after another, or falling amidst its thorns, till the last is surmounted which separates him from the German's heaven.

And what a change awaits him there! The cap of the student is to him the cap of liberty; his bonds are loosed, his chains struck off, he is introduced into the Eden of freedom and knowledge, "furnished with every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food," and told that he "may freely eat of all." The very same authorities, central and local, who have hitherto demanded from him dumb and blind obedience, and controlled his bodily and mental freedom in every possible way, now loudly proclaim to him that his chief duty, the chief principle and law of his being, is—to be free. The Professors contend for his applause and patronage, society allows him the greatest latitude as suited to his age and profession; the very police, so terrible to other men, looks indulgently on him, as a privileged being, and mutters as it sees him kicking over the traces, "*Es ist ja ein Student.*" For three or four long years no one has the right to dictate to him, or to bind him by any tradition or any rule. He must, of course, prepare for the inevitable examination at the end of his university

career, but he may do so how and when he pleases, and in the meantime he can rest from the exhausting toils of his school life, and cultivate at leisure the powers of which he is most conscious, and in the exercise of which he most delights. He has several universities from which to choose, and if one Professor does not please him he can generally find another who is lecturing on the same subject; and he is by no means slow in recognising which are the rising and which the setting stars in the academic firmament.

It is often remarked that much of the great work of the world has been done by self-taught men, and that the mind grows best on the food it chooses for itself. To a certain extent the German student seems to partake of the advantages of the autodidact, inasmuch as he is left to choose his own teachers, and work at the subject he likes best in the way he likes best; so that he enjoys, at the same time, the advantages of the highest instruction with the greatest freedom of self-development.

That such a system should have grown up in a red-tape country like Prussia, and been found compatible with the rigid formality of other German institutions, under a "paternal" government, is wonderful enough; and that it should succeed and maintain itself in such an atmosphere, is still more remarkable. The German press teems with proposals for re-organising the *schools* of Germany, and the controversy between *Gymnasium* and *Realschule* is hotly raging at the present moment; but hardly a voice is raised against the university system, and no one desires to curtail the unbounded freedom of the student. One and all the Germans love their university, as the English love their school, and look back with tender regret on the only period of their lives when they were free. "Every dog has his day;" (the English dog a good many days), and the day of the German dog is his life at the university. Many of the best and even grandest songs in his language were inspired by the free

studies, the free pleasures, the free companionship of his college career; and when, in after life, great warriors, statesmen, and scholars meet together on some festive occasion, it is not as schoolboys, but as "*alte Burschen*" that they delight to regard themselves. It is true that the most uproarious dithyrambic songs and music of the students' *Commerz-buch* have almost invariably a touch of Horatian pathos in them; but this arises, not from any feeling of dissatisfaction with university life, but from the consideration of its short duration, from the bitter thought that the student—

"Muss auch Philister sein!"

must soon join the drilled ranks of the despised Philistines. And hence the so off-repeated exhortation to prize and enjoy the fleeting hours:

"Denkt oft Ihr Brüder an unsere Jugendfröhlichkeit,  
Sie kehrt nicht wieder—die goldene Zeit!"

When we come to compare the results of the two systems, we find them such as we might expect. The Germans are the explorers in the world of thought, and the first settlers in the newly-discovered regions, who clear the ground and make it tillable and habitable. At a later period the English take possession, build solid houses, and dwell there. The Germans send their students out into the fields of knowledge, like working bees, to gather honey from every side. The English lead their pupils into well-stored hives to enjoy the labours of others. The German student cares little for the accumulated learning of the past, except as a vantage-ground from which to reach some greater height. He has little reverence for authority, and if he does set up an idol, he is very apt to throw it down again. His chief delight is to form theories of his own, and he can build a very lofty structure on a very insufficient foundation. As compared with the "first-class" Oxford man or Cambridge wrangler, he has read but little, and would make a very moderate show in a classical or mathematical tripos.

examination; but he has the scientific method; he is thorough and independent master of a smaller or larger region of thought; he knows how to use his knowledge, and in the long run outstrips his English brothers. The English system produces the accomplished scholar, "well up in his books;" the reverent and zealous disciple of some Gamaliel; the brilliant essayist, whose mind is filled with the great thoughts and achievements of the past, who deals with ease and grace with the rich stores he has gathered by extensive reading; the ready debater, skilled in supporting his arguments by reference to high authority, and by apt quotations. But he is receptive rather than creative, his feathers, though gay and glossy, are too often borrowed, and not so well fitted for higher flights as if they were the product of his own mental organism. In the language of Faust, we might say of him—

"Erquickung hast du nicht gewonnen  
Wenn sie dir nicht aus eigener Seele quillt"

The German has read less, but he has thought more, and is continually striving to add to the sum of human knowledge. He is impatient and restless while he stands on other men's ground, or sojourns in other men's houses; directly he has found materials of his own, whether they be stones or only cards, he begins to build for himself, and would rather get over a difficulty by a rickety plank of his own, than by the safe iron bridge of another. The same *furor Teutonicus* (the tendency to drive everything to extremes), which urges on the powerful intellect to great discoveries in the regions of the hitherto unknown, also goads the little mind to peer with fussy, feverish restlessness into every chink, to stir every puddle, "to dig with greedy hand for treasure."

"Und froh sein wenn er Regenwürmer findet."

The Englishman meanwhile looks on, and patiently waits until the new intellectual structure has been well aired and lighted, and fitted up for

comfortable habitation. The German theologian or philosopher is often astonished, and not a little amused, to see some theory or system taken up by English scholars, who have just learned German, which has long become obsolete in the land of its birth, and been disowned perhaps by its very author.

In contemplating the past history and present state of the German universities, the question naturally arises whether the extraordinary mental fertility which characterises them has been owing to peculiar political and social conditions; whether it is likely, as many think, to be injuriously affected by recent important changes, and especially by the amalgamation of the different German states into one great empire, under the hegemony of Prussia. The literary fertility of their universities is generally accounted for by crediting the Germans with a certain disinterested love of knowledge for its own sake, as contrasted with our low material hankering after loaves and fishes! We need not seriously endeavour to refute so preposterous a theory, but only point to the facts that while the encouragement of learning and research at the universities has been one of the main objects of the state in Germany, there is no country in Europe in which science (in the widest sense of the word), has received so little encouragement from government, has been left so entirely to reward itself, as in England. In fact, since there is no career in our universities for men of learning and science, no reward for literary activity and successful research, the wonder is that they have done so much, and can count so many great names among their members. The pre-eminence of German learning is owing to no natural superiority in the Germans, either mental or moral. To understand the intense activity which prevails in their universities, we must remember that the academic career has, for more than a century, exercised a very powerful attraction on the most active and gifted minds of the nation. Debarred by the despotic nature of their govern-

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ment from the arena of politics, and by class-distinction from any fair chance of promotion in the army or the service of the state, with few opportunities of acquiring wealth in commercial or industrial pursuits, the more ambitious spirits in the German *bourgeoisie* have sought the only field of honour in which the race was to the swift and the battle to the strong. We may smile at the small salaries of the German Professor, but when compared with other government officials in his own country, he is, or rather *was*, well paid, and his position in other respects is a singularly enviable one. He is in the most independent position in which a German can be placed, and enjoys a freedom of speech which is permitted to no other official, whatever his rank may be—a freedom which increases in exact proportion to his abilities and fame. His peculiar privileges are owing partly to the natural scarcity of great men, and the respect which they inspire into their countrymen, and partly to the keen competition for the possession of the most illustrious scholars between the universities of the numerous independent states into which Germany was, till recently, divided. This active rivalry enabled the distinguished professor to hold his own even against kings and ministers. When the late Duke of Cumberland, as King of Hanover (whose motto was that “Professors and harlots can always be had for money”), expelled the seven greatest men in Göttingen for a spirited protest against his *coup d'état*, they were received with open arms even by despotic Prussia. When the great Latin scholar Ritschl shook off the dust of his feet at Bonn, he was welcomed with the highest honours by the King of Saxony, and installed at Leipsic.

It cannot be denied that many of these circumstances, which tended to draw the best powers of the nation into connection with the universities have of late years undergone a very important change. Political life offers greater attractions; the “*Bürger-*

*licher*” has better chances of promotion in the army than heretofore. A larger proportion of the best intellects of the nation have turned their attention to commerce and manufactures as affording a better prospect of advancement in the world. Wars and rumours of wars, and the preparation for new contests, are not favourable to the calm concentration of mind indispensable to successful study. The position of a professor, moreover, is less attractive than it was. With the union of the German states into one great empire, the competition for great scholars has become less lively. The cost of living has increased in Germany more rapidly than in any other country in Europe, and the salaries of the Professors have not been proportionally raised.

The maintenance of the scientific spirit is endangered too by the very extension of the boundaries of science of which that spirit is the chief agent. The mass of strictly professional knowledge in each faculty is increasing every day, and the task of assimilating this engrosses more and more of the student's time and energy, and leaves him fewer and fewer opportunities for the independent prosecution of pure science. We hear it said on all sides that young men must spend at least four years at the universities, if they are not to sink into mere “bread-students;” and appeals have been made to the liberality of the German public to enable the more gifted students, by the establishment of small *Stiftungen*, to spend a longer time in study. Such appeals, by the way, meet with very little response in Germany. The liberality which has filled England with benevolent institutions of every kind appears to be almost unknown elsewhere. Complaints are heard in many quarters that the “*Nachwuchs*,” the after-growth, the rising generation of Professors, is not likely to equal its predecessors. It is not long ago since a minister of education in Prussia complained of the difficulty of filling up vacant posts in the universities in a

manner satisfactory to himself and the students. How far this falling off is attributable to the causes mentioned above, or the general dearth of great men observable, at the present time, in every country in Europe, remains to be seen. One thing, however, is absolutely certain that neither in Germany nor England can a university be sustained by the exertions of "disinterested" votaries of science. With the exception of the *Dis geniti*, the born priests of science, men will not spend long years in laborious study, without hope of adequate reward in the shape of money or position. Science has flourished at the German seats of learning, because it has been carefully fostered and judiciously rewarded by the state. It has not flourished at our universities because, while they richly reward the first fruits of the youthful intellect, they offer no career to the man.

The foregoing account naturally suggests a number of practical questions and considerations in connection with our own collegiate system. It is clear that we cannot have a university of the German type, which is the result of the whole history of Germany and the peculiar institutions and character of its people. We cannot move the inns of court, the London hospitals and museums, to Oxford and Cambridge, nor can we amalgamate the two last and transfer them to London. We cannot compel the whole ruling class of the country to pass through the university as a preparation for professional and official life. We cannot intrust the entire teaching to lecturers, and abolish all private tuition and coaching, all catechetical instruction and competitive examinations. And, above all, we should not venture to leave our young men without the moral supervision and religious influences now brought to bear upon them. But, we may ask, can *nothing* be done to foster the scientific spirit at our universities, and make the work done there more fertile of results? Might not more of the actual teaching

in our universities be intrusted to professors, in the German sense of the word; and might not a career be opened to them sufficiently attractive to secure the services of the ablest men in the country, and excite the ambition of the rising generation of scholars? Might not greater efforts be made to bring great thinkers and investigators, whether natives or foreigners, into connection with our universities? Or must we be content that the latter should remain only great high schools, with no higher aim than the production of learned but too often barren scholars and accomplished gentlemen? Can nothing be done to encourage independent thought and research among our students? If it be answered that our men are so overburdened by the "getting up of books," and preparation for ever-impending examinations, that they have no strength left for the pursuits to which nature inclines them, would it not be worth considering whether assiduous cramming and perpetual examination *are* the best means of enlarging the mind, and inspiring it with a disinterested, fervid love of knowledge? The question is not an absurd one, for we know that the Germans, whose success as teachers we acknowledge, do entirely without competitive examinations and class-lists, and consider that hasty cramming too often produces sickness and a loathing for all mental food. Our system of racing our "blood" men for magnificent prizes may, they think, produce swift runners for a one-mile race, but not good roadsters for the journey of life.

The narrow limits of a magazine article are insufficient for the proper discussion of these and other questions of the deepest interest, and they are, no doubt, receiving due attention from those best fitted to answer them, at the universities themselves. These things, therefore,

"Spatiis exclusus iniquis  
Prætereo, et aliis commemoranda relinquo."

WALTER C. PERRY.

## THE REFORM PERIOD IN RUSSIA.

Our system of party government, whatever advantages it may possess, has the bad effect of making a great number of persons adopt cut and dried political views in regard to subjects which need not and ought not to be looked at in an exclusively political light. If an Englishman tells you what political party he belongs to, you may at once know almost certainly what he thinks of Russia at the present moment, and also what he thought of Russia fourteen years ago. If he has a bad opinion of her now, when she is demanding autonomy for Bulgaria, he had a good opinion of her fourteen years since when she was refusing self-government to Poland. If he applauds her action in 1877, when she is playing the part of a liberator in a foreign country where the work of liberation cannot but increase her own power, he condemned her conduct in 1863, when she was exercising the indisputable right of suppressing an insurrection within her own dominions. Each of these two sets of seemingly contradictory views is marked, nevertheless, by a certain consistency. To defend the Russian position in Poland, as fourteen years later to defend the Turkish position in Bulgaria, was in each case to show faith in the general utility of maintaining the *status quo*. To take, on the other hand, the part of the Poles in their contest with the Russian Government, to take the part of the Bulgarians against the Turks, was in each case to espouse the cause of an oppressed nationality. We are too active-minded a people, however, to lose much time in accounting for our opinions or in analysing our motives; and the great majority of those who are really interested in the present war take a keen sporting view of it, and in the character of the

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Russophil support the Russians, or in that of Turcophil back the Turks.

The Russophil, who is sure to be a Liberal, finds it convenient to forget the past history of his newly-adopted country, and will not allow even her recent misdeeds (as in the matter of the Greek Uniates) to be spoken of. The love of Russia, however, with which he is reproached by his enemies is chiefly shown in the detestation he expresses of everything Turkish. Similarly Turcophilism consists less in affection for the Turks than in hatred of the Russians. No Turcophil would wish Turkish marriage customs, or Turkish slave-dealing, or the Turkish method of administering justice to be introduced in Europe. But, putting all question of laws and customs aside, the Turcophiles declare the Turks to be better men than the Russians, and ask ingeniously enough, "Whether a good Mahometan is not preferable to a bad Christian?" A bad Christian, as an individual, would certainly be a less desirable man to have dealings with than a good Mahometan. But, as a general proposition, it cannot be said by any one who believes in the Christian civilisation of Europe, that "a good Mahometan is preferable to a bad Christian"; since the latter will be in contact with European influences to which the former must, except in the rarest instances, remain a stranger.

The Russians may be, and in many respects, no doubt, are, bad Christians. They are Christians all the same; and although that constitutes no reason for supporting them in an unjust or unnecessary war against Mahometans, it explains why, as soon they had freed themselves from the Tartar domination, they entered into relations with various European nations, adopted useful European inventions, and encouraged

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foreigners from various parts of Europe to visit and settle in their country. The movement of foreigners towards Russia became more marked with each succeeding reign. But it began with the accession of the first Tsar of Muscovy; an event which coincided nearly enough with the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II. Peter the Great is usually spoken of as the first Roman sovereign who endeavoured to Europeanize Russia; and his efforts in this direction were so much greater than those of his predecessors that the latter, by comparison, would seem to have been almost inclined to oppose European influences. But the Tsar Ivan married the daughter of a dispossessed Christian European sovereign; and Sophia, child of the last Palaeologus, may have attracted the Byzantine architects, followed by the Italian architects, artists, and artificers who were among the first foreigners to visit Russia. Under Ivan the Terrible, Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans, were welcomed at Moscow. This monarch was so favourably inclined towards England, that he made a proposal of marriage to Queen Elizabeth, who declined the compliment through a special embassy, and at the same time offered—but in vain—the hand of one of her ladies of honour instead of her own. Alexis Michailwitch, father of Peter the Great, not only encouraged foreigners—like all his predecessors, except those who were too much occupied with domestic affairs to be able to look abroad—but considered himself so fully a member of the European family of kings, that he kept up a sympathetic correspondence with Charles I. during that monarch's troubles, and after his execution, offered money and men to his son in view of a restoration.

Peter the Great was a strange sort of Christian, and he had, in some respects, Mahometan tastes. But he considered himself a Christian; he had a Christian-European ideal in the matter of government; and precisely because he was a Christian he brought

himself into contact with the Christian civilization of the west. This, to the misfortune of his subjects, he obviously would not have done had he been a Mahometan Tartar or Turk. Since Peter's time Russia has gradually been getting more and more European, and the Europeanized class has gradually been getting larger and larger. Not only has there been a constant current of educated immigrants (as of teachers and skilled artisans) from the west towards Russia; but the educated class in Russia has increased by its own natural force of expansion. The influence of the German nobility in the Baltic provinces conquered by Peter must not be forgotten. These descendants of the sword-bearing knights ("gladiferi") cannot well be dismissed as barbarians. Nearly all the great military, governmental, and foreign diplomatic posts fell into their hands; and though not generally liked in Russia, the German newspapers of the Baltic provinces must have exercised a good effect on high Russian society. They in any case swelled in a remarkable manner the numbers of the Russian educated class, which some years later was further increased by a good many Poles, from Lithuania and Ruthenia, who after the successive partitions of the Polish state, took service in Russia.

Since Peter's time, and especially during the reigns of Catherine II., and of Alexander I., Russia received a number of eminent men from Europe without, until quite lately, giving one in return. A Turcophil, however, would show himself a very ignorant Turcophil if, in the present day, he declared himself unable to name any Russian poets, prose writers, painters, composers, or executive musicians who had achieved a European reputation. The Germans, who translate everything, translated long ago the poems of Pushkin and Lermontoff, and the fables of Kriloff. The tales of Gogol have been translated into French by M. Louis Viardot, and his principal comedy by the late Prosper Mérimée.

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Mr. Tourguénieff seems himself to translate his own admirable novels into French. The music of Glinka and other Russian composers has found its way to our concert rooms, and this master's best known opera is about to be produced at the Italian Opera of Paris. All this is no doubt as tinkling brass compared to the sounder and more solid civilization of England, France, and Germany. But only such names have been cited as are already familiar to large numbers of Englishmen; and these are cited simply as indications. Pianoforte-playing is not civilization; yet any one hearing Rubinstein play would rightly infer that he must have been born and educated in a civilized land.

Because Tourguénieff writes admirable novels, because Veresthagin's drawings are full of character, because Glinka's opera is about to be given at the Théâtre des Italiens, and because Rubinstein is a magnificent pianist, it does not at all follow that the Russians ought to be allowed to advance their frontier, for strategic purposes, as far as the Balkans. But it does follow that they are to be regarded as having given some proofs, accepted throughout Europe, of European culture. They have not, perhaps, made very important contributions to the literature and art of the civilized world, but they have contributed something. They have not been borrowers alone. Nevertheless their most important literary function has hitherto been to spread throughout Russia a knowledge of the literature of England, France, and Germany. This they have done chiefly through the medium of magazines and reviews, of which a greater number are published in Russia than in any other country except England. "Our reviews," wrote Alexander Herzen, a great many years ago, "penetrate to the borders of China, and enable the inhabitants of Simbirsk and Tobolsk to read the novels of Dickens and George Sand a few weeks after their publication in London and Paris." This was written in the days of the Emperor

Nicholas, when there was far less literary activity in Russia than there is now.

The first time I visited Russia, just twenty-one years ago, I was much struck by the great development of its periodical press, and still more by the fact that in none of the numerous books on Russia which I had read was its existence so much as mentioned. Under the iron despotism of Nicholas no such thing as political journalism could exist. The *Moscow Gazette*, belonging to the University of Moscow, and the *St. Petersburg Gazette*, the property of the University of St. Petersburg—now journals of real importance—were at that time petty sheets, containing little beyond official announcements, government advertisements, and scraps translated from foreign newspapers. Mr. Katkoff, who seven years afterwards was to become more popular and more powerful than any journalist has ever been in a free country, was still a professor at the Moscow University. The journals whose names our editors have at last learned to print in Russian—the *Golos*, the *Novoe Vremia*, and a dozen others—had not yet come into being. The monthly and half-monthly reviews, however, were in a flourishing condition, and Mr. Katkoff, aided by his eminent friend and fellow-professor, the late Mr. Leonteff,<sup>1</sup> had just started a new one, the *Russian Messenger*, which shared with the long-established *Contemporary* the honour of introducing into Russian periodical literature independent—if at first somewhat indirect—criticism of Russian internal affairs.

It was felt by all intelligent persons that serfdom must be abolished, and that the administration of justice must be reformed. The editor of the *Russian Messenger* wished, moreover, to see some measure of self-government introduced; of which desire signs might be seen in constant references to proceedings in the English Parliament, articles on the English Constitu-

<sup>1</sup> An interesting memoir of this gentleman appeared in one of the first numbers of the *Deutsche Rundschau*.

tion, and so on. There could be no question of meddling, for a long time to come, with Eastern affairs; and it was thought that Poland had lost all aspiration, or at least all positive hope, for a separate political existence. Thus the Russians could give themselves up to a consideration of their own necessities and wants; and the relaxed condition of the censorship allowed it to be seen that writers might now approach with comparative freedom subjects off which they would quickly have been warned in the Emperor Nicholas's time.

Side by side with translations from Grote's *History of Greece* and Motley's *Rise of the Netherlands* were appearing at that time in the half-dozen large reviews, published for the most part once a fortnight, numerous translations from contemporary English novelists, such as Dickens, Thackeray, and Mrs. Gaskell. This was surprising to a stranger as proving the existence of a very much larger reading public than was generally supposed to exist in Russia, and of a reading public possessing good taste and capable of interesting itself in serious studies.

The contents, however, of these reviews possessed significance of another kind, Tourguénieff, Gregorovitch and other native writers were contributing tales, nearly all of which turned on the miseries of faithful, all-suffering serfs cursed like the *Anton Goremyka* of Gregorovitch and the *Moumounia* of Tourguénieff, with cruel masters. Mr. Aksakoff, a member of the well-known Slavophil family, one of whom is now president of the notorious Moscow "Slavonic Committee," was publishing in *National Annals* sketches of country life, and of the relations between proprietors and peasants, under the title of *Family Chronicles*.

At least as remarkable as the studies in narrative form of the condition of the peasantry were some satirical pictures of provincial society by a writer calling himself Schtchedrin, in which the corruption of the various classes of officials was unsparingly and most amusingly exposed. Law at that

time in Russia, instead of being a protection, was at once a terror and a trap. Persons who had been robbed preferred in many cases to keep the matter a secret. But if they took proceedings the police made them pay heavily, even though they proved their case; while if they failed to prove it the thief also made them pay. When a servant robbed his master—supposing the master not to be at the same time the owner—the best thing to do with him was to get him quietly out of the house, without making any charge against him, for to call a man a thief was a very serious affair, of which the police, instructed by the robber, would assuredly take notice. Whether as accuser or as accused, it was better to have nothing to do with the police, for under one pretext or another they could compel the attendance time after time of those who had once had the misfortune to come into relations with them, until it at last became necessary, at all cost, to terminate the connection. Schtchedrin, to make his readers laugh, showed how an ingenious police-officer might make money by carrying the body of a dead man first to one village, then to another, and by letting the inhabitants understand at each place that unless they came to terms they might be held answerable for the death. This story might have been borrowed from the *Arabian Nights*. Another, by the same author, of which some of the details are modern enough, though the whole in spirit is essentially Asiatic, had its origin in the law of compulsory vaccination. The functionaries entrusted with the duty of seeing that the peasants were vaccinated, summoned them to a room in which stood the surgeon, armed with an enormous sabre, ready to perform the sanguinary and possibly fatal operation on all who would not pay to be let off.

Satire of a slightly farcical kind was still the only weapon with which official abuses could be attacked. The utter inadequacy of this Harlequin's

lath, this Punch's *bâton*, had been proved in the case of Gogol's admirable comedy, at which the Emperor Nicholas had shown himself so unreservedly amused that the author had felt called upon to explain in a preface that "behind this laughter there were bitter tears." Schtchedrin's *Provincial Sketches*, then, were remarkable as containing an exposure, at once more direct and more complete than any that had previously appeared, of the monstrous and grotesque malpractices of the judicial and administrative authorities. So great were these that it seemed scarcely possible they could be put an end to by reforms in institutions alone. Reforms, however, of the most sweeping character, after being carefully prepared, were seven years afterwards introduced; and the publication of Schtchedrin's *Provincial Sketches* may be said to have marked the date at which the impossibility of maintaining the old system of law and police had come to be so fully recognised that writers enjoyed full liberty to expose its iniquity. Even then it had been decided in principle, that the courts should be open to the public, that oral instead of documentary evidence should be taken, that cases should be tried by jury, that barristers should be admitted to plead, and that newspapers should be allowed to publish reports of proceedings.

The reform, or rather the reconstitution, of the judicial system and the emancipation of the serfs are the two great peaceful measures by which the reign of Alexander II. will be remembered; to which may be added the introduction of local self-government in village communes, districts, and provinces, and in a few of the largest cities. It was thought at the time these assemblies were formed that as communal assemblies sent members to district assemblies, and as from district assemblies were elected the members of provincial assemblies, so from the provincial assemblies deputies might some day be called to sit in a central assembly for the whole empire. But the local assemblies seem to have

been devised simply to meet an evident want, and to enable people in the country and in country towns to get streets paved and lighted, bridges built, granaries formed, schools established, and so on, without its being necessary at every step to make application to the officials of a highly centralised administration, which had its head-quarters at St. Petersburg and possessed no available funds. A blow was struck at Schtchedrin's corrupt and cruel functionaries as well through the local assemblies as through the new judicial institutions.

The Russians for a half-dozen years, from 1857 to 1863, worked at their reforms almost without a check; indeed the judicial reforms were introduced after the check had been already received. From the Emperor's accession until the actual outbreak of the long-threatened Polish insurrection the zeal for improvement went on constantly increasing; and now, looking back twenty years, one may see that the three important reforms most urgently needed were all indicated in the periodical publications that were appearing at the end of 1856 and the beginning of 1857.

England during this period was popular enough in Russia. Mr. Katkoff, who possesses a remarkable knowledge of English affairs and of the nature and operation of English institutions, wrote so much about England and the English constitution, and of the part played in politics by the English aristocracy, that the satirical journal of St. Petersburg represented him wearing a Scotch cap, and nicknamed him Lord Katkoff.

It is to be regretted that no one who now writes about Russia knew that country in the time of Nicholas. The Russians are a changeable people, and pass quickly from one mood to another. But at the very beginning of the reign of Alexander II. the condition of Russia and of things Russian can scarcely have been so very different from what it was at the very end of the reign of Nicholas. It was felt,

however, when Nicholas died, that a heavy weight had been removed, and it may be that the reaction by which the withdrawal of such an oppressive force would naturally be followed showed itself at once in people's conversation. The tyranny of the Emperor Nicholas was such that it would be difficult to exaggerate it; but it seemed to me on first arriving in Russia that it could not have had such a deadening effect on Russian society as was generally attributed to it; and the travellers who visited Russia in the days of the Emperor Nicholas must certainly have been wrong in declaring, as most of them did, that there was an entire absence of intellectual life in the country. The mass of the reading public must have been the same at the end of the last as at the beginning of the present reign; and in 1855, as in 1856, Russian readers, though they heard not a word about home politics, had all the chief productions of European literature brought within their reach through the large fortnightly literary miscellanies already spoken of.

There was a relaxation in the exercise of the censorship immediately after the accession of the present Emperor; and it has been shown that already at the beginning of 1857 Russian writers were allowed to approach such subjects as the condition of the peasantry, the effect in practice of the existing judicial and administrative systems, and so on. Some minor but far from unimportant reforms were at once introduced by a stroke of the pen. The price of foreign passports was lowered from something like forty pounds a year to about thirty shillings, paid once for all; and the restriction which limited the number of students at each university to three hundred was unconditionally removed.

Soon afterwards steps were taken for establishing railway connection between Russia and Western Europe. This last measure does not at first sight seem to be one of those which

can be classed under the head of "reforms." The Emperor Nicholas, however, wished to have as little as possible to do with the West; and not to construct railways to the Western frontiers was as much part of his system as was the imposition of a fine of three hundred roubles annually on Russians travelling abroad. It was evident that if railways were made through Russia towards Prussia and Austria, Russians must travel by them or the lines would never pay their expenses. Accordingly the excessive tax on foreign passports could not but be abolished when it was decided to build railways.

The Emperor Nicholas's truly despotic regulation in regard to the number of students to be admitted to each university, besides being hateful in itself, could not be maintained in presence of any serious determination to reform the judicial and administrative systems. But four universities, with three hundred students at each university, would, according to Nicholas, supply Russia with a sufficient number of highly educated men to keep the machine of state going in its old grooves, and that was all he cared for.

Nicholas, from his own point of view, was perfectly right. He wished things to remain quiet in Russia; and though opportunities for travelling abroad and for obtaining superior instruction at home must have benefited the country, they have also proved causes of disturbance. If there had been no railways to Russia, Mr. Herzen's revolutionary journal, the *Bell*, would not have been introduced so largely as it in fact was between the years 1860 and 1863. Nor would so many Russians and Russian Poles have visited Mr. Herzen in London, where on certain days his rooms used to be crowded with visitors of all kinds from his native land.

Finally, if the number of students at the universities had been kept limited, the annual crop of—possibly not dangerous, but certainly trouble-

some—revolutionists turned out by these seminaries would have been considerably smaller than it now seems to be. The opinion of students may not be very important. Still less to be feared is their action. They have no hold on the peasantry. They cannot possibly move the army; and if the peasantry and the army are sound, what force is there in Russia to bring against the government? Still disaffection is a thing to be guarded against in a state; and the Emperor Nicholas was determined to have as little of it as possible. It was not only or chiefly by his ideas that the university student was thought likely to prove dangerous. The fact had also to be considered that if the universities turned out a very large number of students, many would experience great difficulty in finding a suitable career.

The reforms then of the present reign were a written and an unwritten reform:—1. Permission to go abroad for every one who chose to pay ten roubles; 2. Relaxation of the censorship.

New journals were rapidly started when it was perceived that affairs of the day, including home affairs, might be discussed with comparative freedom; and numbers of books on subjects previously forbidden were introduced and translated, when it was found that such translations could be offered for sale. *Mill On Liberty* would have been a popular book at this period, if only on account of its title. The word "liberty" was fascinating in itself. The thing also was prized; and the first Russian translation of Mr. Mills book was followed by a second, with notes, which occupied more space than the text, and were intended to show that the author's ideas in reference to liberty were narrow. Several works on representative government were translated, and a Russian author produced an account of the constitutions and charters of the various countries in Europe which possessed free institutions.

One of the door-keepers of the

House of Commons told me a few years afterwards that it was astonishing how many Russians had of late looked in at the debates, and asked if I could explain this to him unaccountable phenomenon. The explanation was simple enough. The number of Russians visiting foreign countries had greatly increased; and of these a certain proportion had learned to take interest in our parliamentary proceedings.

Since Russia has been engaged in a war with Turkey, it is often said—what was never said before—that the important reforms introduced in Russia during the present reign have been ineffective. They have not, perhaps, given such beneficial results as were expected from them. What reforms ever did? But they have done good. Even if they had proved failures, they would have been honourable failures; for it was most desirable that the peasants should be emancipated, that the judicial system should be reconstituted after the model of West-European systems, and that, throughout the country, the inhabitants of districts and towns should be enabled to attend to local affairs and levy taxes for local improvements without being obliged on every occasion to address requests through various channels to a central administration. Russians are still liable to be arrested and exiled in virtue of an administrative order alone; and in a political case now being tried in St. Petersburg, though the principle of publicity is admitted in connection with it, the law on the subject is none the less evaded by so filling the court with prisoners, to the number of nearly two hundred, and their counsel, that there is no room for reporters nor for outsiders of any kind. To reform institutions is not to transform men, and the Russians of to-day are doubtless in many respects very like the Russians of twelve or twenty years since.

It was considered the proper thing from about 1860 to 1863 for Russians

of advanced liberal tendencies, who visited the West of Europe, to continue their journey as far as London, if only for the purpose of calling on Mr. Herzen. Those Russians who thought it more prudent not to show themselves at the house of this declared enemy of Russian autocracy (where spies easily penetrated) made a point all the same of bringing home copies of his journal. It was the fashion in Russia among people of a certain position to see the *Bell* (*Kolokol*) apart from all question of sharing its views. Those who suffered from its attacks, equally with those who sympathised with them, wished to see what revelations, what sarcasms, and what diatribes each next weekly number would contain; and stories, more or less fantastic, were told of the ingenious devices by which it was introduced. Some said it was passed through the custom-house in sardine boxes, others in bales of cotton. The entry into Russia must certainly have been facilitated by custom-house officers, who perhaps were bribed, perhaps shared Mr. Herzen's political opinions. It is certain that the *Kolokol* received contributions, and possibly, therefore, its circulation may have been helped by members of the administration, who either were anxious to see certain official abuses corrected, or who merely took pleasure in seeing their superiors ridiculed and blamed.

Mr. Herzen's genial tone prevented his journal from being classed with works directed not only against the evils of the Russian political system and the corruption of Russian functionaries, but against Russia generally. It is said that the Emperor Alexander read the *Kolokol* regularly; and a tale, very characteristic of this period, was told of a special *Kolokol* printed, through the aid of interested persons at St. Petersburg, for his Majesty's own particular reading, from which an article exposing these persons' misconduct had been omitted. But, as the story runs, the attack on the dishonest officials, cut from a

genuine number of the *Kolokol*, was forwarded to the Emperor in an envelope; so that he learned at the same time not only that certain misdeeds had been committed, but also that the authors of these misdeeds had thought it necessary to practise upon him a gross deception, in order to keep from his knowledge the accusation made against them.

On one occasion, in 1862, a list of Russians, who had called on Mr. Herzen in London, and who were to be arrested on their return to Russia, was sent to the *Kolokol* office, and duly published in the journal; not, however, before some few of the visitors had been already seized.

In the year 1859 Mr. Herzen was calling out in every number of his journal both for reforms which even now are not in action, and for others which a few years afterwards were actually introduced. Emancipation of the peasantry, abolition of corporal punishment, trial by jury, were three of the points contained in Mr. Herzen's charter; which also contained liberty of the press, guarantees against arbitrary arrest, and the formation of a representative assembly. It would be a mistake to suppose that the *Kolokol* did much towards bringing about or even hastening serf emancipation, of which the reform of the judicial system was the natural accompaniment; and it might be difficult to say what the positive result of its influence really was. "*Vivos voco*" was its motto, and it certainly had an awakening effect. It showed itself a lively censor of the administration, and must have weakened in many minds the respect for state authorities. It encouraged the Poles to rise, under the delusion that Poles fighting for national liberty would be assisted by Russians aspiring to political liberty; and it may fairly be regarded as the natural progenitor of a number of revolutionary papers and broadsides which were circulated and stuck on the St. Petersburg walls in 1861 and in 1862, and which seemed to be connected with the St. Peters-

burg press of that period. Mr. Herzen was an admirable polemical writer, and his command of language, no less than the character of his fine sonorous voice, showed that under favourable circumstances he might have been a great orator. But, an exile in England, he could naturally take no part in elaborating the important reforms that were being prepared in Russia; and the part he played in connection with his native land was—for evil and for good—that of an awakener and a disturber.

Mr. Herzen, though by far the most powerful of the various writers who contributed to the *Kolokol*, had other assistants in Ogareff the poet, his coadjutor from the beginning, and Dakounin the revolutionist, who worked for the *Kolokol* from his arrival in London after his escape from Siberia, early in 1862, until the outbreak of the Polish insurrection and the formation of the western diplomatic league against Russia, when the *Kolokol* found itself all at once reduced to silence.

From the accession of Alexander II. until the Polish insurrection of 1863 a considerable number of Russian writers published abroad works more or less revolutionary on the subject of Russia. The most harmless of them, and, as many Englishmen will think, the most rational, was the late Baron Firck, better known by his *nom de plume* of Schedo-Ferrotti. He was not an exile, and—perhaps for that reason—was regarded by the exiles with a certain suspicion. Moreover, he was the “financial secretary” of the Russian Legation at Brussels; which justified those who thought his views too modest in saying that he was “in the pay” of the government. He proposed to pacify Poland—or at least to render it what he considered justice—by giving a constitution to the kingdom of Poland, Lithuania being regarded as part of Russia, which, also, was to have its constitution.

The late Prince Dolgoroukoff, author of a multitude of books on Russian affairs, desired nothing more for

Russia than constitutional government of an aristocratic pattern. During the reign of Nicholas, being at the time a member of the Russian Embassy at Paris, he had offended his sovereign by some publication, and had therefore been ordered to return. With a gaiety which seldom deserted him he offered to send his photograph, but declined to go back himself; and at the same time begged the Emperor to remember that the ancestors of the Dolgoroukoffs were Tsars of Moscow when the forefathers of the reigning house were not even dukes of Holstein-Gottorf. It was a sort of tradition in the Dolgoroukoff family to demand constitutions; and partly perhaps for that reason, but also for more valid ones, which are to be found in his numerous and often very interesting works, the prince in question called upon Alexander II. to form a parliament. Prince Dolgoroukoff read Herzen's books, admired his talent, and was on good terms with him, but without sharing his views. Herzen, however, had followers who went far beyond their leader; and these advanced members of an extreme party had but a poor opinion of Prince Dolgoroukoff, who, on his side, had no opinion at all of them.

Herzen, though he could not well have gone back to Russia, had not been forced to leave the country, but had quitted it (towards the end of the Emperor Nicholas's reign) because he found it impossible to pursue there his vocation as a writer. He was a man of some property, which, by an ingenious device, and through the agency of Rothschild, he contrived to save from confiscation;<sup>1</sup> and his associate in the direction of the *Kolokol*, the poet Ogareff, had possessed considerable property in land, which he had voluntarily abandoned to his peasants—not, as I was assured by one of his neighbours, to the advantage of the peasants. However that may have been, Ogareff, like Herzen,

<sup>1</sup> See *L'Empereur Rothschild et le Banquier Nicholas*. Par A. Herzen.

was a thorough enthusiast; or rather while Herzen was an enthusiast, Ogareff was a fanatic.

Dakounin went further even than Ogareff. Ogareff, for instance, held that land belonged by right to those who cultivated it, but was willing, in view of serious difficulties, to see a compromise effected by which a portion of every estate should belong to the so-called proprietor. So, at least, Ogareff set forth in a little book on Russia, dedicated to an English friend. Dakounin, however, was not a man of compromises. He belonged by his family to a class of landed proprietors. But he appeared as a revolutionary leader in 1848; and in 1849, after the suppression of the various revolutionary movements in Germany, was made prisoner and delivered over to the Russian Government, which sent him to Siberia. After remaining eleven years in Siberia, where one of his cousins was governor-general, he profited by the liberty of locomotion which his good conduct and his apparent resignation had gained for him, to reach the coast and get on board an American vessel, which took him to Japan, where he was enabled by the French embassy in Japan to continue his voyage to New York, and ultimately to London.

Dakounin had a strong objection to everything. England, an aristocratic country, displeased him almost as much as Russia, the country of autocracy. In England, moreover, the peasants,

being without land, seemed to him worse off even than the still unemancipated Russian serfs. He aimed not merely at destruction but at general disintegration. Countries were to be broken up into provinces, provinces into districts, districts into communes, while every commune was to be self-governing. Among other advantages, this system, as he once explained to me, would do away with patriotism, and with wars for national aggrandisement and the justification of national vanity. A critic of Mr. Dakounin's scheme pointed out that there could be no reason why the process of disintegration should cease at the commune. The self-governing commune, he suggested, might be divided into self-governing groups, and the self-governing groups into self-governing individuals. Of course every one, according to Dakounin's system, was to have land; and all dignities, all offices, were to be abolished.

A German reformer, to whom it was objected that the reforms he was advocating could lead to nothing but anarchy, replied that "a genial anarchy" was not a thing to be despised. The anarchy, however, which Dakounin wished to bring about would have had nothing genial in it. The political sect of which he was a leading member believe neither in God nor in heaven, but only in the earth, of which every individual ought to have his own little piece.

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

*To be continued.*

## HELIOGOLAND.

THERE are few places in Europe where the traveller may feel so secure from the companionship of the ordinary British tourist as in Heliogoland. And yet it is a British possession, and has been one ever since 1814. Up to that date the steep rock in the North Sea, whose name is sometimes spelt Helgoland, or Heilgeland, but which we call Heliogoland, had remained in uncoveted and undesired possession of the Danes. Early in the beginning of the present century, however, when strange acts of appropriation were committed under the influence of panic, and justified by the rough-and-ready laws of self-defence, we seized upon this little group of islands lying in the German Ocean, right opposite the mouths of the great rivers Elbe and Weser. It consists of Heliogoland, Sandy Island, and several reefs and rocks, of which only two have been given the distinctive names of the Monk and the Steen. Heliogoland itself is barely a mile long, and its average breadth is only the third of a mile. Even these moderate dimensions are said to be subjected to a steady reduction by the encroachments of the sea. There is every reason to believe that the whole group of islets, which bear distinct traces of change in their physical geography, once formed a single island—large compared to the size of any of its existing fragments.

A bit of old Frisian doggerel describes vividly enough the impression of the traveller who first sees Heliogoland in its summer dress :—

“ Road es det Lann,  
Grön es de Kaut,  
Witt es de Sunn ;

Deet es de woaper vant, Helligeland.”

“ Red is the land,  
Green is the grass,  
White is the sand ;

These are the colours of Heliogoland.”

And very bright and pretty these colours looked to our eyes, when we dropped the *Sunbeam's* anchor in the harbour last August, after a swift and safe run across—under sail—from Margate in forty-eight hours. The ordinary route is by way of Hamburg, and from thence by steamers making an eight hours' voyage three times a week. Only a couple of these hours, however, are spent at sea, the other five being occupied by a slow progress down the Elbe. Heliogoland is a favourite resort of Austrian and German families, who flock here during the summer months to enjoy the delicious sea-bathing, and the inexpensive, pleasant, *sans-çalon* out-of-door life.

Indeed, the *coup d'œil* which first presented itself reminded me of nothing so much as one of the scenes from the opera of the *Flying Dutchman*. There was the same bright sea, the dark cliffs, and the sandy shore. The same sort of long wooden pier straggled out into the blue water, and was crowded with groups of sturdy, fair, North-Sea fishermen. They were idling about, too, in true theatrical fashion, dressed in loose trousers, light-blue striped sailor-shirts, and blue or red woollen caps. Nor did the women look less picturesque in their bright scarlet or yellow-bordered petticoats, light over-dresses, and black or chintz sun-bonnets.

Small as is the principal island, it yet boasts of two towns—one on the high land, and one on the low land. There is as much as 170 feet of difference between the two “lands,” and the visitor must climb 203 steps, if he would reach the upper town from the sea-shore. On this “Ober-land” stands the Government House, the Church, the batteries and their magazine, and, higher than all, the splendid lighthouse, the lantern of which is 257

feet above the sea-level. This light-house not only serves as a warning from the rock on which it is built, but is of use to vessels entering the Elbe or the Weser, the Eyder or the Jade. There are about 350 houses on this high ground, and eighty on the lower portion of the island, called the "Unter-land," holding between them a couple of thousand inhabitants. These dwellings are so neat and clean, that their wooden walls and red roofs help to produce an indescribably comic effect of the whole place having been just taken out of a box of children's toys, and neatly arranged in squares and rows. But the combination of English comfort with Dutch cleanliness and German propriety is very agreeable to the eye.

The church is a curious building, and contains, suspended from the ceiling, several models of ships under full sail, presented, *ex voto*, from time to time. The women sit by themselves down stairs, in pews marked with their family names; the men sit in a gallery up stairs, round which has been painted, by no mean artist, a series of scenes from the Old and New Testaments. Some years ago the clergyman wished to paint these pictures out, which would have been a great pity; for, although the mode of treating the subjects has not been perhaps strictly ecclesiastical, they deserve to be retained as relics of a past age. It is to be hoped that some loving hand may even yet be found to copy or photograph these quaint old designs, ere time or progress deals still more hardly with them. The font, too, is especially curious. It is held up by figures so ancient that *cognoscenti* declare they must be the remaining supports of some ancient altar to a heathen deity. When a christening takes place there is a preliminary ceremony of filling this font, and it is pretty to see fifty or a hundred children advancing up the aisle in a procession, each bearing a little mug of water. The service is Lutheran. The clergyman reads from

the communion-table, and above it is placed a little box from which he preaches. Besides this he possesses a pew of his own, exactly opposite that appropriated to the Governor's use, with the communion-table between. Both these pews are precisely like opera-boxes, and have windows to open and shut. It is not so long ago since prayers used to be offered up in this very church for wrecks; and it was an established custom, if the rumour of one arrived whilst service was being performed, for the clergyman to shut his book, seize the long hatchet-like pike placed in readiness for such an emergency, and lead his flock to their boats. But the mission was scarcely a Christian one, for no survivors were ever permitted to return and tell the tale of what sort of welcome they had received on these inhospitable rocks.

We must remember, however, in mitigation of such hard and cruel facts, that from father to son for many and many a bygone generation the trade and profession of each male inhabitant of Heliogoland had been that of a wrecker, with a very little exercise of the pilot's or fisherman's more gentle craft during the brief summer months. Indeed it has taken the strong repressive measures insisted on and strictly carried out by the present Governor, to at all subdue this inborn tendency to act on the saying of what is one man's extremity being another man's opportunity. The great improvement in wrecking morals and manners which has been accomplished with so much difficulty is, however, but skin deep, and will even now collapse on the smallest chance of escaping detection. Whilst the *Sun-beam* lay in one of the two good harbours of these islands, she was the object of much curiosity and interest. Amongst her numerous visitors were some of the coast-guard. They had been duly shown round the yacht, and during this process some wag inquired of the coxwain of their gig what he would like to take first if the vessel

were "sitting on the rocks." This is a euphemistic equivalent in Heliogoland for a vessel being cast away. A half-regretful gleam came into his bright blue eyes as the man answered, wistfully, "I hardly know, sir; but there is a good deal of copper about." As a matter of fact, we had already observed that the ventilators and bright brasswork of our little ship attracted special notice and many expressions of half-envious admiration. But it is only fair to add that we had other more peaceful and less professional visitors from among the islanders and the "Bade-gäste," and I often found beautiful bouquets of flowers and graceful messages of thanks awaiting me on board when we returned from a long day on shore.

The present Governor of Heliogoland has indeed made enormous reforms in the system of legalised wreckage which he found in practice on the islands. He has established a volunteer corps of native coast-guards, superintended by eight picked coast-guardsmen from England. Now, therefore, when a wreck takes place on the shore, the errand of those battling with the beating surf, the howling wind, and the blinding storms of sleet and snow, to where the poor ship lies stranded on the rocks, is one of succour and not of heartless villany. Formerly the very same men would have only hastened to the spot with their pikes and hatchets, to cut down the bulkheads, force open the hatches, take out the cargo, and break up the ship as quickly as might be for the sake of appropriating her timbers, copper, and ballast. As for the unhappy crew, their fate would probably be similar to that of some passengers by coach to "Frisco" in its earliest days, of whom Artemus Ward makes mention as being the objects of the driver's special attention. This worthy used to make his rounds, kingbolt in hand, as soon as possible after an accident, and proceed to act on his avowed principle that "dead men don't sue; they ain't on it." But in these more civilized days,

if rescue has come too late, gentle hands have laid the unfortunate mariners to rest in this bleak spot, and, through the kindness of the Governor's wife, each grave in the pretty cemetery in Sandy Island, even though nameless, has been marked by a small black cross, bearing the name of the ship-wrecked vessel and the date of its loss, whenever it was possible to ascertain them. The rocket apparatus has been used on many occasions, too, with the best results.

In spite however of the utmost vigilance, it sometimes happens that the old trade is still plied, and the Governor told me the following story himself:—

He was one day lately caught in a thick fog when out in a boat shooting wild sea-birds, and whilst waiting for the mist to lift, he heard a sound of hammering in the direction of a distant reef. His practised ears soon told him what it meant, and in spite of the difficulties raised on the spot by the crew of his boat, and the earnest efforts they made to dissuade him, he persisted in steering towards where he knew the reef lay. Just before reaching it, the fog lifted slightly, disclosing to some sentinel wrecker the swiftly coming boat. In a moment the most absurd stampede took place. Out of the cabin and hold of the unfortunate ship the disturbed pillagers swarmed like bees, hoping to reach their own boats and escape unrecognised. So rapid were their movements, that only two or three of the least agile were captured, but those who succeeded in getting away left behind them their large axes and other ship-breaking implements, on most of which their names had been branded, and which thus furnished the means by which the owners were captured and punished. Since this adventure the wreckers have had to acknowledge that, like Othello, "their occupation's gone," and they have taken every opportunity of enlisting themselves on the side of law and order.

There has been great difficulty too

in inducing the natives to use the life-boats brought from England. On more than one occasion the coast-guard men have found the air-boxes broken and the linings cut by the natives, whilst they have themselves been absent on a life-saving expedition. But these obstacles lessen every day, under the firm yet kindly rule of the present Governor, who takes the liveliest personal interest in every detail of his administration.

The Waal Channel separates the Downs or Sandy Island from Heliogoland, and both islands are but thinly covered with soil, which is hardly anywhere more than four feet deep. Still there is pasture for cattle and sheep; and fair crops of barley and oats can be raised in summer. The principal revenue of the islands is derived from fish, which are sent to London *via* Hamburg, and from a large oyster-bed. For the last fifty years it has also been the favourite summer bathing-place of Austrians and Germans, who come over in great numbers between June and September. The life led by these visitors is a very simple and informal one. Nobody seems to think it necessary to walk up and down at certain hours, or to do any particular thing at regular and stated periods. You may even if you like dig sand-holes with the children whilst you listen to lovely music played twice a day by a band from Carlsbad.

To enjoy Heliogoland you must be a good walker, for there are no horses on the island, and every place has to be visited on foot. There is a nice breezy walk across the highest point of the island to the north end, where a curious rock stands boldly out, almost separate from the mainland. The cliffs are full of caves and grottoes, which are illuminated twice a year. A reckless expenditure of blue lights and rockets takes place on these occasions, producing, I am assured, a very enchanting and magical effect. We were so unfortunate in the weather during our short stay, that one of these illuminations which was impend-

ing, and formed the staple subject of conversation during many weeks, had to be postponed over and over again, and we never beheld it.

The system of bathing at Sandy Island is organised to perfection, and it was impossible to help contrasting it with the sea-side manners of Ramsgate, where we had last bathed. The "Bade-gäste" are taken across to Sandy Island in private boats or in omnibus-boats, which run every five minutes, from 6 a.m. to 2 p.m. The bather provides himself with a ticket before starting, and has no more trouble. Ladies and gentlemen bathe on different sides of the island, and in different places, according to the wind and tide. We landed in our own boat, and I was much amused at the respectful distance at which the old pilot, who was carrying my bathing gown, stopped. In his dread of approaching too closely to the forbidden precincts, he made the "Bade-frau" walk at least a quarter of a mile to meet us. It certainly was a treat to bathe in such pure and clear water beneath so lovely and bright a sky. One feels like a different being afterwards. Part of the programme consists in taking a "Sonne-bad," and basking in the balmy air on the little sand-hills, sheltered by the rocks from too much wind or sun. The bather has no trouble or anxiety on his mind about machines or towels. They are all provided for him, and the price is included in his original ticket. After the bath it is *de rigueur* to go and breakfast at the Restaurant Pavilion on the beach, where you feel exactly as if you were sitting on the glazed-in deck of a ship. The food is excellent, and Heliogoland lobsters fresh out of the water are as different from the familiar lobster smothered in salad and sauce, as caviare, newly taken from the sturgeon and eaten on the banks of the Volga, is from caviare eaten on the banks of the Thames out of a china jar. Then after this excellent breakfast, if the Bade-gast is inclined for exercise, he may stroll about very pleasantly to the point of the reef,

where he will hardly be able to turn his head without seeing the ribs of some unfortunate vessel sticking up out of the sea-sand; or he may return to the mainland and listen to the sweet music of the Carlsbad band, and even do a little mild shopping. The *specialities* of the island consist of hats, muffs, tippets, and many pretty things made from the plumage of the grey gull and other wild sea-birds which nest among the rocks. Besides these there are various ingenious little articles manufactured by the inhabitants during the long, cold, dark winter evenings.

The "Ober-land," or upper part of the town, can boast of several good hotels and restaurants, and in summer some two or three hundred guests sit down daily at the principal *table d'hôte*. For evening amusement, there is a bright, cheery little theatre, where a really good company plays nightly the most sparkling and pretty pieces with a *verve* and finish which reminds one of a French play-house. An occasional ball at Government House is a great treat, and warmly appreciated by the fortunate guests.

There is a generally received fable to the effect that Heliogoland is overrun with rabbits, which are rapidly and surely undermining the whole of Sandy Island, and will eventually cause it to disappear beneath the sea. But, as a matter of fact, there is not a single rabbit on the island, nor has there been one in the memory of the present generation. The wild-fowl afford excellent sport. The guillemots breed in immense quantities among the picturesque rocks of the west coast, and in the autumn large numbers of woodcock land here on their way south in search of summer climes. In the town itself two large poles are erected at the corner of every street, and between them a net is suspended, by means of which many birds are caught during their flight. Mr. Gätke, the permanent Secretary to the Government, has a most interesting ornithological collection, consisting entirely of birds

that have been shot on the islands, but embracing specimens of numerous foreign varieties. Many of those we saw must have found their way hither from Africa, from the Himalayas, and even from Australia, besides a peculiar kind of gull (Ross's gull) from the arctic regions, of which even the British Museum does not possess a specimen. Mr. Gätke talks of publishing a book on this collection of feathered wanderers whose flight has ended here.

During the winter the rocks swarm with wild-fowl of all kinds—swans, geese, and ducks, but only two of the species breed there, the razor-hawk and the guillemot. In the spring, when the rocks are literally covered with these birds, the effect must be inexpressibly droll, and the noise tremendous.

Insignificant as the place seems to most of us, Heliogoland has given a great deal of trouble in her day. Barely ten years ago she was the bugbear of insurance offices and ship-owners, and a well-known refuge for masters desirous of getting rid of their vessels in a comfortable manner. No vessel once on the neighbouring reefs, or on the main island, was ever allowed to depart, while those wrecked in the Elbe or the neighbouring rivers were simply plundered by the Heliogoland fishermen and pilots under the plea of salvage. The remuneration for discharging or pilfering a cargo used to be settled in full assembly of the *Vorsteberschaft*, whose members, being principally pilot officers and wreckers themselves, were naturally interested in the amount of the reward received for salvage.

No debts could be recovered in the island, no legal decrees enforced, and a creditor had to wait for the death of an obstinate debtor, on the chance of his property coming before the court. The credit of the island, until lately, was at a very low ebb indeed, and, in order to increase its funds, contracts for public gambling were entered into between the *Vorsteher*-

schaft and some German lessees, which had the desired effect for the moment. It is difficult to imagine that so small a place could, in the few years between 1815 and 1868, have involved itself in a public debt to the extent of 7,000*l*. At present, in spite of the abolition of the gaming tables and a great outlay on public works, this sum has been reduced to somewhere about 3,000*l*. To

the wise and prudent administration of the present Governor, this, as well as every other improvement, is due. Under his beneficent rule, Heliogoland has changed so much, that the visitor of even fifteen years ago would not recognise in the orderly, neat, thriving little settlement, the ruinous, lawless, bankrupt island of those comparatively recent days.

ANNIE BRASSEY.

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### AUTUMN.

THE dying leaves fall fast,  
Chestnut, willow, oak, and beech,  
All brown and withered lie.  
Now swirling in the cutting blast,  
Now sodden under foot—they teach  
That one and all must die.

This autumn of the year  
Comes sadly home to my poor heart,  
Whose youthful hopes are fled.  
The darkening days are drear,  
Each love once mine I see depart  
As withered leaves and dead.

But is it all decay?  
All present loss?—no gain remote?  
Monotony of pain?  
Ah no! I hear a lay  
The robin sings—how sweet the note,  
A pure unearthly strain.

And, of all flowers the first,  
Beneath these leaves in spring shall blow  
Sweet violets blue and white.  
So all lost loves shall burst,  
In springlike beauty, summer glow,  
In Heaven upon our sight.

M. C. C.